THE W. Gower

Converted Twins.

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by *E. M.*

Never before Published.

LONDON,
Printed for *Robert Pawlett* at the Bible
in *Chancery lane*, 1667.

To Her Sacred MAJESTY,

THE

QUEEN-Consort.

MADAME,

THere' *is ſo great a diſtance between the* Meanneſs *of a Comedian, and the* Majeſty *of a Crown'd Head, that the preſumption of this Addreſs may occaſion ſome, to charge me with an Oblivion of the former, and want of reverence to the Sacredneſſe of the latter. 'Tis true, at the firſt bluſh, it might appear ſo; but I have this ſelf-encouragement, that my applications are made to a* Greatneſſe *ſurrounded with* Goodneſſe; *to an equal tranſcendency of* Power *and* Piety: *and* Theſe *regard not ſo much the* Merit, *as the* Humility *of the Supplyant.*

But, MADAME, *when I finde repreſented in this ſmall Piece, the* Triumphs *of* Divine Love *over all the moſt alluring Concerns of Sublunary Happineſſe; When I reflect on a tender* Virginity, *defying all the charming enjoyments of this World, nay what's moſt harſh to the delicacy of that fair ſex,* Torture; *When I ſee enflam'd Youth, by an Heroick contempt, ſpurning the greateſt Pleaſures, to court the Croſs of Chriſt: When I obſerve the*

ſudden, yet efficacious Operations of that Winde which bloweth where it liſteth, *converting a* Saul *into a* Paul, *a Perſecutor into a Sufferer: And laſtly, when I conſider, how the want of an humble* Perſeverance *(like an unexpected Wrack within the Port) made way to the* Apoſtaſie *of one ready to lay hold on the Crown of* Martyrdom: *When theſe Reflexions fill my thoughts, how ſhould I conceive any* Patronage *too great for ſo great* Examples.

Theſe, MADAME, *were the Inducements prevail'd with me, to offer them to that of your Sacred Majeſty: For, where ſhould* Innocency, Vertue, Piety, *and all the other amazing heights of Chriſtian life, expect to be more kindly* entertain'd, *than where they are in the higheſt degree* practis'd? *Whileſt then they are admitted into ſo Royall a Preſence, if I can but preſs in, as the meaneſt Attendant, after ſo Noble a* Train, *it will be only with this hope, that Your Majeſty may, though at a great diſtance ſhed ſome providential Graces upon,*

MADAME,

Your Majeſties moſt dutifull

and moſt Obedient Servant,

M. MEDBURNE.

THE ARGUMENT.

CECILIE Daughter of *Marcus* and *Flavia*, was a young Virgin, beautiful, well descended, and, though she had secretly *vow'd Virginity*, yet out of compliance with the disposal of her parents, married to a Nobleman of *Rome*, named *Valerian*, then a Worshipper of Idols, but afterward by her perswaded to embrace the *Christian Faith*: That done, they both joyn their endeavours for the *Conversion* of *Tiburtius*, Younger Brother to *Valerian*, and his *Corrival*; and these also prov'd effectual.

The two *Brothers*, having declar'd themselves *Christians*, were by the Prætor *Almachius* condemn'd to *die*, which Sentence being first executed on *Tiburtius*, occasion'd his precedence in the *Martyrology*, before his Elder Brother *Valerian*. *Maximus* (the Principal Officer appointed to see this Execution) rendring *Almachius* an account of it, averrs, that he had seen their souls convey'd to heaven by two bright Angels: which acknowledgement inducing divers present to profess Christianity, *Maximus* is beaten to death with Staves, having Plummets of Lead fasten'd to the ends of them.

Cecilie, the Worker of all these Enchauntments as they thought, is for these Crimes, especially her debauching the *Two Brothers* from the service of the gods, condemn'd to the flames; and to that end dispos'd into a dry Bath surrounded with fire; but that not approaching her body in the space of a Day and Night, order was given for her *beheading*. In that Execution, after she had receiv'd three blows, which seem'd to have sever'd her head from her body,

body, ſhe liv'd three dayes, during which, ſhe gain'd her Parents, and made this her laſt requeſt, that the Houſe, wherein ſhe had liv'd, might be converted into a Church, which it was, and afterward conſecrated by Biſhop *URBAN.*

If any be deſirous of a more particular Information concerning the perſons before mentioned, as alſo of the ſtrange and remarkable accident, which happen'd between *Saphricius* and *Nicephorus*, they may conſult the Writers of *Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory*, who have given an account of them. But thoſe being not ſo obvious, they may ſhorten their ſatisfaction by looking into the *Collection of Saints Lives*, ſet out by ſome late *Authors* of the *Roman Church*, wherein they ſhall find thoſe of *Tiburtius*, *Valerian*, *Maximus*, *&c.* on the 14th. day of *April*; and that of St. *Cecilie* on the 22th. of *November*, in the year of our Lord *CCXXV.* in the *Perſecution* under the Emperour *Alexander Severus.*

To

To his ingenious and learned Friends, the Author and Publisher of this Christian Tragedy.

IT is the custome of this brainsick Age,
To boast with boldnes's and fanatick Rage,
An imitation of that Doctrine pure,
For which the Primitive Christians did endure
Afflictions, Torments, nay the losse of life;
Each vying in a holy Zeal and Strife
T' outgo the other; but if once it come
To feel the Persecutions, that in Rome
First Catechumens *suffred; straight they cry*
Quis requisivit, *such* Hyperbole
Of Faith, as should produce in any one
Such Works of Supererogation?
Alas! Weak Fondlings, *it is not enough*
To cloak Religion *with new-fangled stuffe,*
And then cry out Antiquity! *You must*
Believe and honour the Old Martyrs *dust.*
Reason *and* True Religion *best agree,*
As Discords make compleatest Harmony.
Happy the strain of your ingenious Pen,
That doth refresh the memory agen
Of Pious Martyrs, *and Thy labour too*
For publishing the same, deserves its due,
Which shall be this, still to preserve your Name
To equal date with St. Cecilia's *Fame:*
Who living did in Vertue *so excel,*
That even her Death *became a* Miracle
And if hereafter you no more shall do,
To second this, yet we will boast, that you
Have so to life the Martyrs *drawn herein,*
As would invite a Heathen *to begin.*
To live and do, and then like them to die,
Inroll'd ith' Records of Eternity.

Cease then, vain World, *to rail against a* Play,
Since this shews pure Religion; *If you say*
Therefore it is Prophane, *change but the* Name
Call it a Sermon, *and it is the same,*
With Use *and* Doctrine *too; and since you make*
Religion *so much* Droll, *ne're shame to take*
From hence a Pattern, *better than have none:*
By Acting *seem to have* Religion.

T. M. Med. Tem. Soc.

Exomologesis Apologetica.

WEre I the *Author*, had an *Angel's Pen*,
I think, I ſcarce ſhould ever write agen;
Unleſſe the *Criticks* will *contraſt* and *ſwear*
They'l out of *pity* pardon me *this Year*;
And give me leave freely to *vend* a *Book*
I hazarded to *print*, which ſeem'd forſook,
Becauſe the *Author* had no *Name* that might
Conjure and *charm* the *Reader* at firſt ſight.
As 'tis with *Stationers*, ſo with the *Theatre* too,
The *Author* muſt be *famous*, elſe 'two'nt do.

But ſtay --- what need I fear the *Criticks* ſpite?
While they are ignorant, who it is do's *write*,
They neither know whom to *condemn* nor *praiſe*;
But if they did, his *Vertue* has *Allays*,
That can *diſpence* with either *paſſion*, and
Submit his *Judgement*, and with-hold his *hand*.

M. M.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Valerian } *Twins and Noblemen of*
Tiburtius } Rome.
Marcus } *Father and* } *to* Cecilie.
Flavia } *Mother* }
Cecilie, *their Daughter.*
Anguſta, *her Waiting-Woman.*
Metricio, *her Poet.*
Phantaſio, *her Muſitian.*
Palinodio *her Gentleman-Uſher.*
Turcius Almachius, *a Judge.*
Maximus, *his chief Officer.*
Saphricius, } *Chriſtians.*
Nicephorus, }
Urbanus, *Biſhop of* Rome.
Angel.
Devil.
Headſman.
Officers.
Watchmen.
Attendants.

St. C E-

St. CECILIE,

OR,

The Converted Twvins.

ACTUS I.

Enter TIBURTIUS SOLUS.

Tib. A Younger Brother, ---- true; I am but ſo;
Yet younger is comparative: why then,
I may compare in blood, in worth, in all,
But that of time, when the ſurrounding Sun,
Rides Circuit in his Sphere. And what are dayes?
But ever-dying Brothers hatcht by light,
Till *Sol* turns Retrograde? and then good night.----
But now 'tis morn, to which I open firſt,
A pair of Chryſtals: And in this reſpect,
While yet *Valerian* ſleeps, I ſeem to be
The Elder Brother; Say, he did out-ſtrip
Me once, an hour, or ſuch a matter, when
We twins were bedding in one darkſome room,
Where firſt he wak'd; and from the tyring houſe,
(The Wombe,) came to the Stage of this vaſt world,
To act the mournfull, ſilly Babe, and cry.

Yet now, as not ſurviving, he, nor eats,
Nor drinks, nor hears, nor underſtands ſo much
As that he lives; have I not (then) gain'd hours
Of him that ſleeps? May ſeem the elder brother;
At leaſt in one precedence, if the light
His miſtris darts, illuſtrates firſt my ſight.——
This is the houſe; the Pallace might have ſaid,
Where Lady *Cecilie* the fair is lodg'd.

Enter *Valerian*.

It were too great a happineſs to ſee
But thoſe her brighter Starres. But ah too ſoon
My Brother's here. Suſpition is a reſtleſs
Inmate; and Jealouſie too ſwift of wing,
Will not permit a Rival in his Love.——
The goodly ſtructure here I muſt admire,
And not the Beauty that's contain'd within,
Gaze on the Cabinet not view the Gemme.

Val. Good morrow Brother.

Tib. The gods give you as much.

Val. Y'are wondrous godly grown of late: as if
Heaven were your Book; or turn'd Aſtronomer
Were rapt in Contemplation, viewing how,
With equal meaſure in the Azure plain,
Each Conſtellation, keeps his courſe, and round.

Tib. 'Tis even ſo. But when I lower ſtoop,
My greedy ear, from you bright Caſement, charm'd;
Would hear thoſe ſweeter ſtrains of harmony;
To raviſh my dull ſoul with Admiration.

Val. No more of that. Be *Uranoſcopos*;
A Fiſh whoſe goggle-eyes, fixt on his Crown,
Is gazing on the ſtarry ſpangled skie.
So you—— ſtoop not t'an earthly Deity.

Tib. Mark but the ſway an Elder brother bears.——
Sir, when *Gemini* predominate, they ſay,
The heats are doubled. You and I were twins;
May then participate in Love; as well
As heretofore in life.

Val. Know your Devoir.
And let the Nonage, though but of an hour——

Tib. What?

Val. Make you know your ſelf.

Tib. To be your Brother.——

We

We had but one Horoſcopus: but one
Aſcendent in Nativity. If under
Venus you were born, why not I? or elſe ----
Val. What elſe, but that you are impertinent.
Tib. Elſe *Mars* became my Zenith, and not yours.
Val. Yet I can wield a Sword.
Tib. And I dare fight.

Enter Palinodio *in haſte.*

Pal. Gentlemen, or Lords, or whatſo'ere you be,
I muſt be bold to interrupt you.
Val. How?
Pal. Crave but a period to your loud diſcourſe.
Val. Speak that agen, and——
Pal. Nay, ſpeak your pleaſures,
Gentlemen; and if your voyce be conſonant
To what you promiſe outwardly.
Val. VVhat then?
Pal. Y'are worthy Gentlemen. Yet I could wiſh
A moderation of your Dialect.
Tib. VVhy, what art thou?
Pal. My Name may intimate,
That I am courteous, and reſpectful too,
Palinodio; not to cant, but to recan,
If I tranſgreſs beyond the precincts, of
A Gentleman Uſher.
Val. To whom?
Pal. Unto no leſs, than to the vertuous,
And moſt incomparable Lady, *Cecilie*,
VVho 'bove th' Horizon of this Earthly Ball,
Rais'd to the ſervice of th' immortal power,
Each day outſtrips *Aurora*, in her courſe.
And cauſe ſhe's now within her Oratory,
It is my duty to divert from hence,
Th' obſtreperous.
Tib. The obſtreperous?
Pal. Not you,
Gentlemen; but ſuch as are her ſervants.
Val. Such am I, and thouſands mo, my Attendants
Pal. VVe have no employment, Sir, for ſo many.
Val. They are my thoughts, which from an endleſs ſource
Spring up, and like a ſwelling torrent flow,
To reſt in her, and find a ſweet repoſe.

*

Pal. Reſt, and repoſe! if you knew how wakeful
She is, and how ſhe watches night by night,
You'd ſeek repoſe elſewhere. That Sir, is the
Short, I cannot ſay the long of the buſineſs:
For her ſleeps go, but by ſnatches, like pocket
Purſe raptures; ſnap and away. Witneſs here.
Enter Anguſta *yawning*,
My Ladies Woman, Mrs. *Anguſta*
By Name, who by watching is as you ſee.
Ang. Au-guſta. Au-guſta! who calls me there?
Pal. Oh! the ambition of a waiting woman!
Who even yawning, gapeth after honour.
Her Name's *Anguſta*, rather *Anguſtula.*
Ang. Au-guſta! Do's any body call me there?
Pal. Marry that do I.
Ang. Marry that, marry piſh!
Marry ſuch a Skipjack Gentlemen Uſher!
No I warrant you.
Pal. Warrant me Goſſip!
I am warranted, by a vertuous Lady,
To be an obſervant, vigilant, and ---
Ang. A malapert, impertinent, extravagant
Gentleman-Uſher. Marry thee! *Au-guſta.*
Pal. Oh what greatneſs ſhe yawnes! gapes barn-wide,
To ſtrike in at laſt, with a thread-bare ſerving creature.
Ang. Gentlemen, or Lords, pardon my exorbitance.
I know not your occaſions; but this ſhadow
Of man, had ſo diſtracted my better thoughts,
That, till now, they were not ſo obſervant
As the quality of your perſonages,
Might more than exact, of your humbleſt ſervant.
Pal. So: now ſhe begins to collogue to ſome purpoſe.
Tib. It ſeems, you are both ſervants to one Lady?
Ang. He, as a Cipher; I a digit, I
In her Bed-chamber; from thence, he as remote
As our *Alpes*, from the *Pyrenæan* Mountains.
My Lady is a chaſt Lady, lives reſerv'd;
Follows not the vogue of our vainer times.
Val. Yet if you have a priviledge 'bove the reſt,
May we not by your powerful privacy,
Come to the Speech ----

Ang. What

Ang. What of my Lady, Sir?
No, but if I lend your eyes an happineſs
To ſee, and hear her ſing, will't not ſuffice
For the firſt time.
Val. Moſt abundantly.
Ang. Next time, the wakeful clock ſhall notice give,
(Her cuſtomary time of prayer expir'd,)
She on her Organ plays; to which ſhe addes,
The heavenly rapture, of harmonious accents. *Clock ſtrikes.*
Hark now it ſtrikes. Gentlemen come near; I dare
Contract the Curtain, that the ecchoing Air,
May uſher to the heavens, her ſweeter voice;
And that you may, be confident I have,
A free recourſe unto her private Chamber,
Behold a Sonnet! not compos'd by her,
But by *Metricio*, her ingenious Poet.
Pal. I there goes the Hare away: a petulant
Poet, to make her Anagrams, is ſtil'd
Ingenious. I ſhall remember this.
Ang. I think ſhe now will ſing it; with your favour,
I'll read, that you may reliſh it the better:
Our Poet tells me I have a ſpecial grace,
In the rehearſal; ſeldom coincident
To thoſe of our Sex. Which when my Lady chaunts,
Souls may be raviſht, 'bove *Parnaſſus* height.

Reads the Song.

If each hive, of ſwarming bees,
Have a King, that careful ſees,
To the Manage: and more ſage,
Keeps the reſt, in vaſſalage:
If each flock, of tender ſheep,
Have a Swain, to feed and keep
From the Wolf, that ſeeks his prey:
Or if onely one muſt ſway;
In a Kingdome: needs muſt gods,
(Powers divided:) live at odds. ---
Then Bees, Sheep, and Subjects, we,
Can but have, one Deity.
Pack yee hence, you many Gods.
Powers divided, live at odds.

 Val. Hum!

Val. Hum! She contemns the gods.
Ang. And goddeſſes:
Why ſhe her ſelf, may compare with *Venus*,
For Beauty; with *Minerva* for Wiſdom:
But not with Cuckold *Juno*, for Malice,
Towards *Æneas* that noble progenitor
Of our *Roman* Worthies.
Tib. Can ſhe be vertuous,
That ſo neglects, our more immortal Gods?
Ang. Yes, and as far tranſcending your chaſt *Veſta's*,
In purity; as fulgent ſtars of heaven,
Shine brighter, than a foggy *Ignis fatuus*.
Val. Howſoever, let's hear her voice.
Ang. Nor that.
Nay if you vilifie her worth: or but
Extenuate this favour; you ſee your way. *Points to the Door.*
Val. Come, this will qualifie your riſing ſpleen. *Gives her gold.*
Pal. Nay now I ſee ſhee'll be *Auguſta*. 'Tis *Cecile tunes the*
But placing the *N* with the heels upwards. *Organ within.*
Ang. Gentlemen, She's tuning. Pray make a quick retreat.
To ſee and not be ſeen, hear not be heard. ----
Now; after her more ſweet melodious ſtrains,
Her cuſtom is, to walk a while abroad,
Not far from hence; take th' opportunity.
But ſhould ſhe know I had a hand in this
Your interview, I were undone.
Val. Fear not. *Exeunt Valerian*
Ang. Palinodio let's be gone. *& Tiburtius.*
Pal. Begone, not I.
My Lady ſhall know all, or let me have half,
Was given thee.
Ang. Nay then my Lady ſhall know
What you did Sir, the laſt night
Pal. What?
Ang. Kiſſed me.
Y'had been better to have kiſs'd elſewhere.
Nay, what you would have done beſides, you know;
And ſhe ſhall know.
Pal. What then?
Ang. What then?
You know full well how ſhe abhors ſuch doings.

Pal. And

Pal. And know your predeceſſor, was tranſplanted
For like offence.
Pal. And why I pray tranſplanted?
Ang. Yes ſo I ſay, for a Gentleman Uſher,
May well be liken'd to a double Gilliflower,
Which while it ſo continues, is eſteem'd;
And ſo is he, with two good ſuits of clothes:
But let him wear out one, and be but ſingle,
In a thread-bare ſuit, he's ſoon tranſplanted,
As ſingle Gilliflowers, are wont to be:
His Lady then cries up, and out with him.
Pal. This is a parlous wench, how ſhe threatens me?
Ang. *Mum* then.
Pal. I, *Mum.*
Ang. See then you tell no-body.
Pal. Not I.
Ang. 'Tis well you ſing a *Palinodie.*
Come Sir, know your duty, and attend upon me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Valerian *&* Tiburtius *liſtning to St.* Cecilie, *that ſings to the Organ within, then comes forth, and ſpying* Valerian and Tiburtius *ſtarts.*

Cec. Bleſſe me! where was my Porter? where my ſervants?
Who has betrayed me to the ſight of men?
Val. Of Men, Lady? whom would you ſee but Man?
The Maſter-piece of th' Earth, who joys to ſee
His like in her who is a ſecond ſelf?
What creature to be parallell'd with man,
Can you behold? why then ſhould palid fear
Undie thoſe roſie cheeks, and coral lips?
You need not fear.
Cec. Yes, like the trembling tree,
Whoſe every leaf, ſhakes at th' approach of man.
Tib. We'll not offend.
Cec. But chaſtity is ſuch,
It cannot be too wary; fear too much. *She offers to go out, but courteouſly returns.*
Val. Nay Lady, leave us not ſo abruptly.
I would, but dare not ſay, at firſt, I love.
Bec. Not love? you told me you were men; not love?
Why 'tis the nobleſt paſſion of the ſoul;
Sprung from the Will, which cannot love, but good.

Much

Much more the greateſt good, whoſe only Beauty,
Is ſo attractive, that when 'tis but known,
It cannot be, but lov'd: Ah Noble Sir,
Dare you not love?

Val. Not you Lady, I mean,
I durſt not ſay I lov'd: but know I do.

Cec. Ah! There's ſmall difference 'twixt wo and woe. *Exit.*

Val. Tiburtius, here's a ſpark, what's thy opinion
Of this Lady?

Tib. That ſhe's like other females,
Who know themſelves, to be the weaker veſſels;
Like melting wax that's apt for all impreſſions
At firſt encounter; therefore by retreat,
(Fearing they ſhould be almoſt gain'd, ere courted,
(Which they affect:) they ſuddenly with-draw;
The better to attract: for after that, we fly,
Which flies from us; neglect, what is atchiev'd:
And what is fair, muſt hardly be obtain'd,
By frequent ſuits; which they affect, as a
Supream honour, and homage due, to their
Self-ſeeming, pretious, and admir'd beauties.

Val. This is not all I fear, for I obſerv'd,
Both in her Sonnet, and her Maids diſcourſe,
A kind of Superſtition, mixt with a
Contempt, of all our gods. If that impoſture
Of Chriſtianiſme, has infected her,
I fear twill be a Bar to my deſignes.

Tib. Tuſh! Take no notice what ſhe young of years,
Has yet but ſuckt, not turn'd to nutriment. -----
Love ſoon extirpates what's but newly ſet.
And taking deeper root, predominates,
O're all the powers of man; and that we call
Religion; but a trifle; and ſubordinate,
To Love's tranſcendent paſſion of the Soul.
Our gods themſelves, vanquiſh'd by powerful Love,
Have laid aſide their Deities to court
A Beauty. Shall not then Religion,
Which but relates, unto thoſe heavenly powers,
Subſcribe unto the Soveraignty of Love.

Val. Heavens grant it may, but ſoft, whoſe coming here?

Enter

Enter Marcus *and* Flavia.

Mar. Come *Flavia*, my dear ſweet wife; where's our daughter,
Cecilie; the fooliſh Girle is ſo penſive
And ſolitary: Shees never well; but when
She's in her Chamber. This dull Melancholy, caus'd
By her too much delight in Muſick, has brought her
To that paſſe for want of exerciſe (poor elfe!)
She's fall'n I fear into that lazie, ſad,
And languiſhing diſeaſe call'd ----
Fla. The Green Sickneſſe.
'Tis true my dear *Marcus*, and as you were,
My phyſician in like caſe, ſo muſt ſome-body ----
Mar. My Lord *Valerian*! I have no skill in Augury,
But like the *Omen*, that when my wife ſaid
Some-body, mine-eye was inſtantly on you;
From thence, it glanced on my Lord *Tiburtius*.
I lay my life, you come, to ſome ſuch end.
I read methinks, ſuch ſpeaking Characters,
In face and features, eye, and front, as plain,
And legible, as wrinkles in my *Flavia's* ----
Forehead, was about to ſay, nay be not angry.
Fla. Well, well, had I not been the honeſter
I know where, and what had been as legible.
Mar. Nay, I fear'd thou would'ſt be angry, but no matter.
Ladies muſt nere be old: their husbands may.
Lords y'are wellcome; but chiefly my *Valerian*.
That (ſome-body) was ſuch a boding word.
Val. My Lord you honour me ſo much, that I
Seem courted by a happineſs, to which
My more ambitious thoughts, could hardly yet
Aſpire.
Mar. My *Flavia*, what ſayſt thou to the match?
Fla. I like it not: I tell you husband, I
Diſlike it utterly.
Mar. How?
Fla. That parents ſhould
Make matches for their children.
Mar. I, now thou ſpeak'ſt.
Fla. No, bring them face to face, and let them parley.
Ah! Tis the pretieſt thing to hear them chat

So far from the matter : for love-ſick wantons,
Are as impertinent, as they, who lie,
Perplext in burning feavers ---- Love's a phrenſie,
As I remember forty years ago.

Mar. Twenty wife, th' art not ſo old.

Flav. When one diſtracted was demanded whether
He were a married man : No, no, (ſaid he)
I am not yet ſo mad.

Mar. Ha! ha! my Lord :
My Wife has brought you now within the compaſſe
Of ——

Fla. Madmen! 'Tis even ſo by *Juno*.
And after this a longing comes in breeders,
And what is this but a phantaſtick madneſſe?
Ha! ha! Waſt not a pretty longing think you :
(*Fulvius Torquatus* being Conſul) when
The Knights of *Mauritania*, brought to *Rome*
A ſavage man, who *Polyphemus*-like,
Had but one eye : *Torquatus* Lady, then
Being with Child, and hearing of this Monſter,
Long'd ; infinitely deſir'd to ſee him,
As he paſt by her door ; but none it ſeems
Would bring him in : and out ſhe would not go
In th' abſence of her husband. What pity!
She loſt her longing, next her life. But then
You know my Lord what did enſue. The Senate
The Grave Senate decreed that Roman Ladies
Should not fail, but every one ſhould have
Her longing.

Mar. Some come ſhort of that *Flavia*.

Fla. The more's the pity.

Mar. Elſe they would not live
Sequeſtred as they do.

Fla. Are you ſo waggiſh ſtill?
But you (my Lord) you have a longing too. ---- *To Val.*
Not to ſee a one-eyed man, *Monoculus*,
But a fair Lady, though I ſay't that ſhould not.

Val. That indeed Madam, is my more humble ſuit.
And infinite deſire.

Mar. That *Cis* may have her longing, ha! ha!

Fla. Why *Cecilie* where are you? *Palinodio*?
No body there to wait? *Anguſtula*,

Enter

Enter Auguſtula.

You too ſo narrow ear'd, you cannot hear?
Ang. Madam your pleaſure.
Fla. That your Lady Miſtris
Come hither in a trice, inſtantly approach.
Ang. Approach Madam, ſhe's in her Oratory.
Fla. I, ſhe flows in her Oratory; but
Let her leave that Eloquence, and tell me,
In plain terms expound what means
Our *Terence*: *Accedo ad hanc ignem,*
—— *ut Caleſias magis.*
Ang. That Madam,
I can *enucleat*: Come to this female fire
That thou mayſt be enflamed: Lord *Tiburtius*
I was about to ſay.

Enter Cecily.

Mar. But ſee (my Daughter,)
For that intent ——
Ha. Muſt come to you, my Lord
Valerian.
Val. I long to have that happineſs.
Mar. Is ſhe not yet come? Oh! ſhe's here.
Aug. Come Madam ſince there is no remedy,
Set a good face on't; that I am ſure you have;
VVhy do you veyl it then? you are not *Nupta*,
Till then like other Ladies make the beſt
Of what you have: Beauty and Truth are two
That ſeek no Covert: Needs will come to light.
Cec. Madam what is your Ladyſhips pleaſure?
Fla. A thing of nothing, only ſpell *Roma* backward.
Cec. 'Tis *Amor* Madam.
Flav. True; 'tis Love my Girle.
Be as well vers'd 'ith Deed, as in the Word,
And by thy Love, this Lord ſhall be enrich'd.
But what is *Amor* paſſive?
Cec. I am lov'd.
Val. Here, by your ſervant, Lady.
Tib. I might have ſayd
As much: but younger brothers muſt be curb'd.

Mar. So, to her, to her, my Lord. She ſhall be yours
Come Sweet-heart, we'le ſit and ſee perſonated,
The lovely Courtſhips, of our younger years.
Val. Ladies, your Parents have left you to your choice.
Cec. Then, I chooſe heaven.
Val. Myne, is your ſelf on earth.
Or were I 'bove the ſpangled Arch with you,
I'de rival *Jove* himſelf in point of Love.
Cec. In point of Love!
Beauty and goodneſs——
Val. VVhich I admire in you.
Cec. Are the ſole Objects of a chaſter Love.
Goodneſs is courted by the Appetite,
As beauty ſhould be by the underſtanding:
On which two ſenſes properly attend,
To hear, and ſee.
Val. Witneſſe theſe happy ears,
Charm'd by your Muſick; and theſe happyer eyes,
Which gaze on th'object of their wiſhed bliſs.
Cec. But fair and good affect a Monarchy,
Eſtabliſh'd by the will, ſole Sovereign,
To ſway within, the Microcoſme of Man,
To which the faculties, of ſoul, and body,
As motions, habits, actions, paſſions, are
Subordinate: yea, and concupiſcence
(Though a rebellious Vaſſal to the will,)
May be ſubjected.——Now if fair and good,
Be that you ſeek, it totally conſiſts,
In unity of eſſence; whence deriv'd
Are all the Fairs, and goodneſs you behold,
Which ſcatter'd here, and there, in ſeveral Creatures,
Are but dependants on the ſoveraign good.------
To reach to this; within the higheſt Region
Of the Soul, a love divine reſiding,
Dos offer ſacrifice of awfull Prayer,
And Holocauſtes to the Divinity.
Fla. Tittle tattle! what's all this to th' purpoſe?
Venus is fair, and *Jupiter* is good.
Mar. My Lord, a proper man well qualified.
Flav. I, Daughter, and all our hope of Offspring
Muſt be in thee and good *Lucina's* aid.
Mar. And, my Lord *Valerian's* help here! what a do there

Val.

Val. I am by th' ſtream diſmiſs'd to ſeek the ſource.
Caſt off to ſearch, a fairer then her ſelf.
Ah! if ſuch goodneſs, as reſides in her,
Dos but participate of that ſupreme,
And onely good, to that I muſt aſpire
Tib. had I but ſuch a ſpark from the immenſe
She ſpeaks of, my ambition ne're would ſeek,
A greater fire t'enflame.
Val. No more would I.
Cec. Nor you, nor you; what earthly ſouls you bear
Within your breſts! confin'd to carnal luſt:
Heaven is my choice, while here you court but duſt. *Exit.*
Mar. Hi 'da! here's a wooing with a witneſs!
My Lord, the fooliſh Girle, is not yet capable,
Of th' happineſs which is atchiev'd by Love:
This was your fault that never would infuſe,
Thoſe ſweeter drops, diſtill'd from *Venus* roſe.
Fla. VVhy Sir, who would have thought one of her years,
Being now ſixteen and upward, could be ſo backward,
In learning that of Love, which in their Nonage

Enter Anguſta.

Of teens others attain unto? why *Anguſtula*
VVhere's your Lady?
Ang. Gone to her Cloſet, Madam.
So very ſad and penſive that it grieves me ----
That ſhe may have her choice of two, and I of neither. *Aſide.*
Mar. My Lord y'are welcom, this may now ſuffice
At the firſt puſh of Pike: let her retreat,
She ſhall come on again.
Fla. I, and at next encounter,
Daign ſmile for ſmile, and with a lovely glance
As boldly in the ſhock of Love advance.
Val. So ſhall you ever oblige your ſervant.
Tib. And mee.
Mar. Had I another Daughter, ſhe ſhould be yours. *Exeunt*
Tib. Unhappy wooer that has but verbal Cures. Val. & Tib.
Mar. Anguſtula! come thou diminitive wagg.
Ang. Sir.
Mar. Call *Palinodio.*
Ang. My Lord, he's here.

Pal. T'expect your Lordſhips pleaſure.
Mar. Sweet heart! I have it; *heureca*, 'tis mine own;
The plot's layd.
Fla. If a Project 'twill never thrive
As we daily ſee in our projectors.
Mar. This Gentleman-Uſher ſhall act *Valerian*,
And this witty well vers'd wanton, her mayd
Shall perſonate our daughter to make an
Introduction or Preamble to the grand Volume
Of Love, and teach her the rule of *For the due joyning*.
Pal. VVho an't pleaſe you ſhall begin, for I am
Somewhat baſhfull.
Mar. The woman muſt alwayes
Have the laſt word: thou then ſhalt have the firſt.
But firſt call my daughter.

Enter Cecilie.

Come Daughter, ſit by me, and be attentive.
Pal. Fair *Cecilie*, from whence ſhould I derive
Your Name *Cecilie*, but from that richer *Sicilie*,
An Iſland famous; *Ceres* darling, *Italies*
Delight, Relief, and Granary: whoſe every
Luxurious Crop prevents from hungry Death,
A thouſand famiſhing for want of Grain.
Ah! then will you ſo fair and rich a Soyl,
So fertiliz'd with a more beauteous Crop,
Permit your ſervant, languiſh in your love?
Mar. Hearken to this Daughter.
Ang. Ah good my Lord ſhall I be th' Iſland *Sicilie*
Environ'd with the ſea, not married with
The neighbouring ſhoar? you teach me then a part
To live, a Virgin, which is my deſire.------
As my Lady I ſpake it. *Aſide.*
Pal. But how will you, be fruitfull then, ſweet Lady?
Flav. Well ſaid, now thou com'ſt to drive it home.
Pal. How like that fertile Iſle? or how ſhall I
But reap one crop of favours to enrich
Beyond deſert, your ſervant, who proteſtes ----
He's at a non-plus----- ah! fair would you daign
To ſowe within my heart one hopefull grain.
Ang. Of Muſtard-ſeed my Lord?

Pal. Which

Pal. Which mounting high,
We both reciprocal, ſhall multiply.
Mar. I, keep her to that my Lord *Valerian.*
Ang. Now ile be more ſerious, for my Lady elſe will be angry.
A Virgins thoughts that ſpring from a chaſt ſoul,
Are ſuch a crop as fertile *Sicily*
Cannot produce: whoſe every blade's a ſword,
To ſliſe in two a thouſand amorous darts,
With which blind *Cupid* wounds but the impure.
Each knob, upon the ſtalk, a ſtop to vice,
Each ear of corn that riſeth from her heart,
More highly priz'd than all your belly grain.
Fla. I, now ſhe comes near the matter in hand.
Ang. Each petty huſk, a cloſet in her breaſt,
Preſents a Viand on a Plate of gold,
To him whoſe love ſhe vows to live and dy.
Pal. But then where's the increaſe? to multiply
Fair Lady is what Nature has ordain'd.
Ang. The Chryſtal cup's more pure that's never ſtain'd.
Pal. How ſhould we live, if ne're were till'd the Earth?
Ang. She was a Virgin firſt, and by chaſt birth,
Firſt fruits were grown e're ſown; ſuch ſhall be mine.
Pal. Tuſh theſe are words, Lady you muſt be mine.
I vow you muſt, elſe I ſhall pine and die.
Ang. Yes, ſo moſt Lovers fain, and ſwear, and lie.
Pal. Yet, I am content to live and love withal;
You have an Organ and a Virginal.
Ang. On which I'le play for ſolace of my mind.
Pal. Oh that I (happy) might like favour find.
Mar. Now daughter, how like you this? ſhe frowns.
Come wife leave her to ruminate a while.
Fla. Anguſta attend on me.
Mar. Palinodio.
Pal. Here my Lord.
Mar. Come away.
Pal. Nor Lord, nor now *Valerian*, I muſt ſay, Madam, I was not ſerious; did but play.— *Exeunt. manet Cecilie.*
Cec. Thus am I taught to be a Pagan's love;
A Child to Parents who adore the Gods.
O *Rome*! thy Gods obſcene, would have me ſuch.
Not live as I have vow'd to him above,
Who has aſſign'd a Guardian to protect me.

Maugre

Maugre the malice of th' infernal fiend,
And all his ſordid Vaſſals, ſtill ſhall ſpring,
My pure white Lilly, to my Sovereign King. *Exit.*

Act. II. Scene I.

Enter Palinodio *with money and viands in a basket.*

Pal. NOw my good genius direct me, and my better Lady *Cecilie* defend me, who ſends me this night, to ſeek in *Via Appia*, for a certain Cave or Grot, where lies hidden a holy man call'd *Urban*, and many Chriſtians with him, in this heavy perſecution. Now there are ſo many ſpies that lie in wait; that I have a fearful apprehenſion, I ſhall be apprehended; and carried before that cruel Judge *Turcius Almachius*. To prevent the worſt, I could find in my heart, to feed here of the beſt, and keep this purſe of money, for my private expences. O! but here's one within, call'd Conſcience, that tells me then, I am a wicked villain. Ha! let me ſee what hill have I before me. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, 'tis the Temple dedicated *Deo Ridiculo*, to the God of Laughter. Ha, ha, ha, I cannot but laugh at the conceit. Even here lay *Hannibal* and beſieg'd the City, after he had ſlain forty thouſand brave Romans in the battel at *Cannæ*. Here I ſay he lay till on the ſudden, there was ſuch laughing, and gigling round about his Army, that laugh'd quite out of countenance, the couragious *Hannibal*, rais'd his ſiege, remov'd into *Campania*. Ha, ha, ha, this way is ſo full of briars and buſhes! ſome body may lie ſculking here. † Oh! I yield, I yield, I yield. The Officer has got my Cloak. Oh! how my heart goes a pit a pat, nine mile an hour: If he would now be ſcar'd away like *Hannibal*, I would make a ſhift to ſtrain a laugh. Ha, ha, ha, now I ſee the thief, a bramble buſh, laid hold of my Cloak. Ha, ha, ha, how I ſhould be laugh'd at now, if this were known? but now, now, now, I hear ſome body at my heels. Oh! ſure I look pale enough now to be taken for a Ghoſt. Ah! what am I now like, if not like a puny Serjeant, when he firſt handles his Mace, and cries I arreſt you, while he himſelf is fleeting and fluttering backward, moſt ſhamefully diſcovering the defect in his retentive power. Or I am like a Cut-purſe (a young Practicioner) that ſeeing a purſe hanging by a womans ſide (as he fears he

† *Enter* Phantaſio, *and lays hold on* Palinodio's *Cloak.*

he may on the Gallowes:) thus with a trembling palſie ſtands in a quandary. *Stands trembling.*

Pha. Who goes there?

Pal. No body for I ſtand.

Pha. Who ſtands there?

Pal. No body, for I kneel.

Pha. Who kneels there?

Pal. No body, for I crawle.

Pha. Then who crawles there?

Pal. No body, for I thus —— *Lies on his back with his heels upwards,*

Pha. Oh! now I ſee 'tis but ſome old forked ſtub of a tree, and here's the twiſt, which puts me in mind of that robuſtious *Milo*, who coming thus to the twin-like body of a tree, by main force rent them in two, when ſuddenly he falling in, they thus clap and clos'd together. *ſtradling.* Pha. *ſtretches out his legs, and claps them hard together -*

Pal. O! O!

Pha. So *Milo* was ſlain,

Pal. O my heels, my heels, O!

Pha. Whom have we here *Palinodio* topſie turvy? Not yet deliver'd the preſent to the reverent Biſhop *Urban*? My Lady fearing as much, ſent me after you.

Pal. Would you had gone before, for me.

Pha. So I will: Come here's the Grotte. Thrice with a gentle ſtamp but give the ſign, And to this darkſome Cave ſhall way be made. *They ſtamp.*

Urban aſcends.

Urb. Who's there? if friends y'are welcome: ſo muſt be Our enemies, who by heavens permiſſion, Are but the Inſtruments to cut, and hew, And ſquare us in this Quarry; we may lie Fit for the Structure of Heavens Edifice.

Pha. May it pleaſe your reverence, my Lady *Cecilie* Preſents you w th theſe viands, and a purſe Of an hundred Ducats for your ſelf and yours. Hopes to be conſtant in her Faith and Vow, If you to heaven for her vouchſafe to pray; Which humbly ſhe deſires.

Urb. We are oblig'd To do no leſſe. Her charitable hand May never ſee corruption: nor that pure And ſanctified veſſel, where a treaſure,

[Her ſoul] is habitant midſt chaſt deſires.
Farewel, heaven grant you may as ſafe return. *Deſcends.*
Phan. Come *Palinodio* now you'l lead the way.
Pal. I, I fear nothing, now I have a companion.

Enter Maximus *and Officers.*

Max. Look round, beſet the wayes, there, there they go. *Phantaſio*
Pal. Oh let me come behind that I may not ſee him. *ſlips away.*
1. *Off.* I ſee but one.
Max. Lay hold, and apprehend him. Palin. *feigns*
2. *Off.* I have him, but cannot hold him up. *himſelf ſick.*
1. *Off.* Alas! he's in a ſwoon, fetch him again, he's gone.
2. *Off.* That I will, were he gone farther than he is. *Box in the*
Pal. Ay me! what are you my Maſters? *ear.*
1. *Off.* Villain what art thou? Art a Chriſtian?
Pal. No Villain, Chriſtian I.
2. *Off.* What art then?
What's thy Name?
Pal. Palinodio, to cant and recant,
Say and vnſay. I am (as many are now adayes)
A *Nullifidian*; have a conſcience of *Chiverel*,
And am content to ſay any thing for a quiet life.
Max. Betray thy fellow Chriſtians, or ſo.
Pal. Or ſo, or ſo, ha, ha, ha, ha; yet I cannot but laugh
To think, how *Hannibal*, here in *Via Appia*, was laugh'd
Out of countenance. Ha, ha, ha, methinks I ſhould as well
Outlaugh theſe Officers, out of their little wits, for countenance
They have none to be laugh'd out of; ha, ha, ha.
2. *Off.* The fellow's mad.
Palin. Now I ſacrifice to the God of Laughter. *Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

Enter Almachius *with Attendants.*

Alm. Live we not ſtill in *Rome*? Or is not *Rome*
The eye of Juſtice, ſplendor of the World?
Shall then blind Superſtition intrude?
T'obſcure the luſtre of our Deities?
Shall that baſe abject ſcum, and dregs of th'earth
Float on the ſurface of our Chryſtal ſtream?

Chriſtians:

Christians I mean, who first in *Nero's* time
Were by the flames which burnt our palaces
Discover'd, and convinc'd to be
The *Flamineaux*, and th' Incendiaries;
Because they could not vindicate themselves
Against our powerful Gods, for which their horrid
And enormous crime, their *Coryphæus*
Was on a Gibbet topsie-turvy hung,
While his companion (cause in a City born
That was enfranchiz'd) had Roman-like th'honour
To have his head struck from his shoulders. These,
These were the traiterous pair who hither came
To sow the Cockle of Sedition; which
As yet could nere be rooted out; O *Romans*!
Are you not *Romans* still? have you not conquer'd
The vaster Regions of th' Universe?
Yet suffer Pismires, Pedants, Boyes and Girles,
T' apostatize, scorn, and defie our Gods?
Have you not Tortures? Manacles, and Racks?
Have you not Fire and Sword, and Ravenous Beasts
To tear the Intrails of this cursed brood?
Slice off these *Hydra's* still increasing heads,
And sindge with flames of fire, like *Hercules*?
Our Emperour commands, shew your *Devoir*.
Our Gods command, shew then your *Roman* Zeal.
Their *Flamins*, Sacred Priests, cry shame of you,
That suffer such abortive Impes to scorn
Their Altars. *Jove* himself though patient long,
Begins to take his Thunderbolts in hand
To be reveng'd on you; which to prevent
Be vigilant: suppress this creeping *Cancer*. Be
But *Romans*, and you are what you should be.

Enter Maximus, Saphricius, *and* Palinodio.

Maximus? Welcome. Thy Name superlative
Speaks what thou art. Say then, hast thou disrouted
Those lurking Squadrons? forc'd them from their Cavernes,
Where in the night, conscious of fouler crimes,
They with their superstitious rites, and fopperies
Exasperate our Gods 'gainst us, who suffer
Such sacrilegious persons; (rather vipers)

T'eſcape unpuniſh'd: Vipers, which in their Birth,
(Pernicious) bring deſtruction to their Dams. ----
So they to the Republick. Speak *Maximus*,
And if thy ſervice ſhall deſerve reward,
The Gods, and we next to the Emperour,
Shall guerdon thine endeavours.

Max. My Lord, I with my ſouldiers (ere the morn
Had baniſht ſable night) as private as we could,
Went to ſurprize ſuch irreligious perſons
As are offenſive to the ſtate? yet 'twas
Our fortune but to light on two. A pair
Unparallell'd: one for a ſturdy Knave,
Th'other a fool, or if a rational man;
'Twas then a guilty Conſcience, with ſad fear,
Which did tranſport his brains beyond himſelf.

Alm. Sirrah! why Sirrah! Speak'ſt not when I
But Sirrah thee? was not this blaſt enough
To make thee utter with a faltering tongue,
A more ſubmiſſive and obſequious plea,
To beg a pardon for thy foul delict.

Sap. The toad is ſwelling, and begins to belch
The gall and venome of his poyſon'd breaſt.

Alm. Sirrah! I have a Rack.

Sap. And I have limbs.

Alm. I have a Torture.

Sap. I patience to endure.

Alm. But I have ſcorching flames.

Sap. Then let them burn.

Alm. Thou ſhalt by morſels die: but piece by piece.

Sap. All's one to me: at laſt I can but die.

Alm. Yes, die a thouſand times and live again,
Or, if thou wilt, do but adore the Gods:
But ſacrifice to them, and thou art quit.

Sap. Or die, or quit: A play at faſt and looſe,
I ſcorn to live by adoring of thy Gods,
Fear not to die, but dare in ſpight of them,
Yield this to fire or ſword, or beaſt, or flame,
To raiſe a Trophy to th' Immortal Power.

Max. I told you my Lord, he was a ſturdy Knave.

Alm. A *Bragadochio* this, a *Famfarone*.
Swells like a bubble, will the ſooner break.
Take him aſide. Nor Sirrah what are you?

Palin. He's

Palin. He's a wiſeman (my Lord) that knows what he is.
Alm. Sirrah are you a ſervant of *Jupiters*?
Pal. Jupiter would never entertain me
Into his ſervice, yet my ambition was
To have been a follower of his. Ha, ha, ha,
But his Queen *Juno* ſaid I had not wit
And craft enough to be a Courtier, ha, ha, ha.
But *Venus* ſhe's a beautiful Lady:
I have plaid at ſpan-counter with her boy
Cupid. But he was blind, and ſo I burſt
His Bow and Arrows; ſince when I never was in love.
Alm. Sirrah, will you ſacrifice to the Gods?
Pal. And Goddeſſes too, tagg and ragg, to *Smug*,
Vulcan the Blackſmith, and *Priapus* too,
With his fie for ſhame, to ſcare away the birds
That come to eat the Cherries and Mulberries, ha, ha, ha.
Alm. Maximus, what ſot have you brought me hither?
Max. My Lord he's ſervant to a Roman Lady.
And cauſe a fool he's fitter to be examin'd.
Alm. In matter of nonſenſe. Let him be well whipt,
Or elſe diſcover what he is, and where
His Lady dwells.
Pal. Ha, ha, ha, my Lady?
She's fairer than your Goddeſs *Venus*, ile ſtand to't.
Max. At a Pillar thou ſhalt ſtand and be well whipt.
Pal. Well then, every thing that's well, is not amiſs.
Farewel my Lord, I will not ſay I kiſs
Your Lordſhips hands: for then (if with the lip)
There were more rime, than reaſon in the whip.
Ha, ha, ha.
Alm. Sirrah I'le have you whipt
Out of this laughing humour.
Pal. Bacchus your God
To this invites. Let me drink wine, and quaffe pure,
And ſacrifice unto the God of Laugh--ture, ha, ha.
Alm. Away with them: Juſtice ſeems in diſgrace,
Until ſhe come to have her time and place. *Exeunt.*

Scene 3.

Scene 3.

Enter Valerian *and* Angusta.

Ang. My Lord *Valerian* y' are welcome, as I may say.
And what I say I doubt not to make good. ----
I have in your behalf solicited
So far my Lady, so urgently, that now
In our discourse the onely subject, Love,
Is entertain'd: Books, Prayers, are laid aside.
But now and then she vents a sigh (good Lady!)
So careful of my good. And why (says she)
May'st thou not have like fortune? There's *Tiburtius*
My Lord *Valerian*'s brother, methinks he might
Affect thee; as deserving as my self,
Thy features are as good, thy favour such,
As pleasing every lineament: thy Beauty
Exceeding mine, at which (my Lord) I blusht,
When parallell'd with such a Paragon.
And with deep sighs could hardly evaporate
That then intrusive love, which (I unworthy)
Fain would, but durst not entertain. Yet then
As I reflected on our *Latin frater*,
(As much to say, as *fere alter*: almost
The same, or else another such) I thought
If one to th' other be so near in blood,
And constitution, yea and simpathy,
Propense to love the same (as I am sure)
Tiburtius do's my Lady) since they cannot
Both share in one; may not my Lord *Tiburtius*
Reflect his eye on me, so near and dear
Unto her Ladiship? but then again
I check'd my too presumptuous thoughts, and vow'd,
Howsoe're I were neglected in this kind,
My service should not be extenuated
In all good offices towards your Lordship
That may deserve your favour, though not his love.

Val. Thou'st said enough; and 'cause he rivals me,
Thus to divert the torrent of his love: ——

Ang. I think 'twere policy (my Lord) to turn
The Current this way.

Val. Right,

Val. Right, I like it well.
Nor wants thy Love a baſe to build upon.
For 'tis not long ſince thus I heard him ſpeak,
That in his eye thou wert not contemptible.
Ang. No more but So:
Val. And though thou wert not a
Lady he could make thee one.
Ang. That's ſomewhat indeed.
But what more my good Lord I beſeech you?
Val. Nay there he fixt a period to his ſpeech.
Ang. And ended with Lady. Noble *Tiburtius*?
Made a full point at Lady; as if he had
Then pointed at *Anguſta* to make *Auguſta*.
Why ſhould not we fair ones ſtand on our points?
That Beauty may be Zenith point above:
And *Nadir* (portion) to be trampled on)
The point beneath. But you my Lord have all;
Beauty and wealth, and vertue to be priz'd,
In her who now cannot be ſeen.
Val. Not ſeen?
Ang. No more than *Cynthia* with her ſilver Creſt
Which (modeſt) ſometimes veyls her beauteous face.
Yet were my Lord *Tiburtius* here.

Enter Tiburtius.

Val. See, here he comes,
Ang. But not with ſuch a ſparkling eye
Nor half ſo quick as yours my Lord, ay me!
Tib. Now Fair *Anguſta* ſigh and I ſo nigh?
Thou may'ſt be Lady yet before thou dy'ſt.
Ang. Lady! as he ended ſo he begins.
Indeed my Lord, 'tis more to make one ſuch.
Tib. As thou art?
Ang. No my Lord, rather as I
Would be.
Tib. She's in good earneſt.
Ang. Earneſt my Lord?
Yes, and you may give me earneſt, that your love
Shall make me ſuch. You'l love my Lady too;
You will? O the ambition of a younger
Brother! And you my Lord, you can diſſemble,

Tell

Tell me your brother ſaid that he could make
Me a Lady?
Val. But that he would, I did not ſay.
Ang. There's yours, you may be gone, here lies my way. *Exit.*
Val. So here's a flirt: ſuch as are now adayes,
That muſt be fed with Gold: and not content
With that, muſt have a husband too, with a
Miſchief. Ah! that a Lady's love ſhould be
Thus pandar'd by a Gypſie, 'tis too true
What her fair Lady ſpake 'twixt wo and woe
There's but ſmall difference.
Tib. My Lord let's go.
Val. And leave this trifling ſuit, 'turns woo, to wo. *Exit.*

Enter Anguſta *and calls* Tiburtius *behinde as he goes out.*

Ang. My Lord, a word.
Tib. What ſay'ſt?
Ang. Could you think me
So immodeſt as to Court you thus?
Tib. Not I.
Ang. No! 'twas your brothers plot, his policy,
That like a Loadſtone by attractive power,
I might draw back your love from my good Lady,
(Who's in affection yours) that only he
Might have free paſſage to enjoy her love.
Should I be thus magnetique, I were baſe.
I am wholly yours: My ſervice wholly bent,
That you may gain this pretious Gemme, not he.
Tib. Art ſerious?
Ang. Elſe were moſt unworthy.
Tib. Take this. *Gives her Money.*
A Trifle for the preſent, ſhalt have more.
Ang. Your Brother may ſuſpect.
Tib. I, I'le away. *Exit.*
Ang. Adieu moſt worthy Lord. Ha! ha! thus Love
Is often now adayes dear bought and ſold.——
If not himſelf, at leaſt I have his gold. *Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Nicephorus Solus.

Nic. MY troubled thoughts perplex, while Conſcience here
Upbraids me with diſſimulation,
To my dear friend *Saphricius*; whom I long,
With pity have obſerv'd, to entertain
Too much of complacence; or which is worſe,
Vain glory to adde a luſtre to his actions,
Which dos diminiſh, not augment their worth.
For though Heaven daigns to promiſe due reward,
Yet he, reſerves the honour to himſelf;
Which, while my friend uſurps, and I connive,
Yea, not ſo much, as intimate a crime,
I am no faithfull friend; which I have ſworn
To be till death.—— ah! diſſimulation!
Thou ſhouldſt not be a Vice, ſince nor a King,
Can reign without thee, nor a boſom friend,
Preſerve intire that ſacred Amity,
Which I unhappily (I fear) may violate——
No, my *Saphricius*, is ſo nobly good,
He'le rather render thanks, than deem me harſh,
Chide, cauſe I've been too backward in advice.----
A friend in Counſel, muſt not be too nice.
See here he comes.

Sap. My dear *Nicephorus*, y'are happily encounter'd.

Nic. My beſt and only friend *Saphricius*!
Methinks our daily interviews and kinde
Embraces do enſoul each others breſt.

Sap. Abſent from you
Methought my heart had but the moity
Of life: was but a Cipher, till the digit
(Your heart conjoyn'd) ſummes up my happineſſe.——
That *Stoick* was miſtaken who avouch'd
A hearty, true, faithfull, and loyal friend
Long ſought, is ſeldom found, and hardly kept;
Whereas our friendſhip has from younger years,
Been ever pregnant, like a forward Spring,
As laſting as the Plant *Live-ever*: My Deareſt
Niſus.

Nic. My *Euryalus*!
Sap. My faithfull *Achates*.
Nic. My ſelf.
Sap. Selfly the ſame, I live in thee,
But ſhould we die (for now *Almachius* vows
The death of Chriſtians) may our twin-like ſouls
Be joyntly breath'd to mount to equal bliſs.
Nic. A happy period to our friendſhip, when
Chang'd, 'tis ſtill a more tranſcendent Love.
Sap. True, but tell me my *Nicephorus*.
Did I not yeſterday confute the Pagan
With whom I diſputed; kill'd him dead with
A Syllogyſme: Lodg'd him in *Bocardo*
And then you heard, how the miſcreant (enrag'd)
Threaten'd to complain to *Almachius*:
Menac'd tortures, and death. At this (tell me)
Did I ſo much as ſympathize with terrour?
Nay did you not obſerve a chearfull look,
Like that of morn that uſhers a fair day?
Was it not ſo *Nicephorus*?
Nic. Moſt true it was,
But. ——
Sap. But? why Sir bring you the But
And then I'le fix the white i'th midſt; as much of
Candour as a friend can bring. But? and then ſilent?
Oh! your too cautious (friend) pray uſe a freedom
And that impartially.
Nic. Nay, I but gently whiſper
(My dear *Saphricius*) what I have obſerv'd.
Sap. As freely vent it forth, as ſharply too,
As when rough *Boreas* bluſters in the Ayre.
Nic. Why then --- but you'l be angry, will you not?
Should I but tell you.
Sap. What is't I dare not hear?
What Obloquy can blaſt mine innocence?
Nic. Nay, 'tis but a *Peccadillo*,
Not ſo much as a defect, or omiſſion; rather
A ſupererrogation which I many times have noted
When the fact ſpake of it ſelf, to blazon it the more
(Like to a curious Limner) you heighten'd it;
Extoll'd and magnifi'd the work, yet in
An humble ſeeming way; which ſome too raſh

VVould judge to be vain-glory.
Sap. So, ſo, you mince it.
Nic. Nay good *Saphricius* wrinckle not your brow;
I may miſtake.
Sap. Then I will tell you Sir;
'Twas a reflexive luſtre from my actions
VVhoſe brighter coruſcation was too fierce
For ſuch weak eyes to gaze on.
Nic. Pray be not angry.
Sap. No, muſt let your pride
And ſawcy Arrogance curb what is generous.
Nic. Nay dear *Saphricius*, be not ſo incens'd.
Sap. Hence Sycophant.
Nic. Steep not your tongue in gall.
Sap. Drench it abſynth, I--ſpurn at my Actions?
Nic. But like the loving Mare which oft we ſee
Spares not to kick her young and tender foal,
Yet hurts it not. I was as wary not to give offence.
Sap. Away, thy friendſhip is a meer Impoſture,
Now Experience tells a friend is hardly found.
Nic. More hardly kept, ſince you are fleeting thus
But for a word.
Sap. A word? a tempeſt rather, ſuch a blaſt
As has for ever ſhatter'd that goodly Veſſel
Your friend-ſhip, Sir; a Ship wherein I ſayl'd
Secure theſe twenty years: but now I finde
The Pilot treachetous, and his Sea-ſtarre
But proper intereſt: then let it ſplit;
For ever ſuffer wreck: And this bent brow
Contract eternal frowns. *Exit.*
Nic. Ah! was it not
A fault in me, that did not heretofore
In th'Infancy of friendſhip make that known
VVhich now habitual is a ſecond Nature.
But then I fear'd to loſe him in the Nonage
Of Amity: more ſolid now I thought
It could not but ſubſiſt immoveable
Yet, I hope I ſhall recover him, if not,
With that ſtern *Stoick* I will not contend
That ſaid, 'tis hard to find and keep a Friend. *Exit.*

ACT III. Scene I.

Enter Phantaſio *and* Metricio, *with Songs.*

Phan. *Metricio*, Come to the Barre.
Met. Call at the Barre
Thou wouldſt ſay for a quart of richer Wine.
Pha. No, come to the Barre, I ſay, I muſt arraign thee
For Theft and Burglary. Theft in a high degree,
Cauſe in thy Poems thou haſt enrich'd thy Verſe
With others labours. Burglary, becauſe
Th' haſt violently broken, into the Magazines
Of *Apollo*, ranſack't, and rob'd, and tane away,
Invito Domino, hos ego verſiculos.
Met. Why good my Lord *Phantaſio*, ſay 'twere ſo,
Nil dictum quod non dictum prius.
Pha. Nay there
Y' are in an errour too: th' Orator ſays
Dixi, the Poet *Cecini*, th' one ſays
At th'end of his Oration, *I have ſaid*;
Th' other *I have ſung*, at th' end of his Poem;
I will not therefore ask what thou canſt ſay
For thy ſelf (Poet) but, what canſt thou ſing?
Met. Then what I ſpeak (my Lord) muſt be in rhime.
Phan. Not ſpeak, but ſing, I ſay, and i'le keep time.

Song.

Met. *Then fraught with* Crotchets *and with* Quavers,
'Tis for you we are ſuch ſhavers.
If by theft we break the Law,
'Tis for your Sol, Fa, Mi, La;
That you may have, for your Notes,
Songs, to fill your warbling Throats.
What were elſe all that you ſing,
But a Sol, Fa, *ſenſe-leſs thing?*
What Chromatiques, *what were* Brawles?
What your Ditones, Intervals?
And if all your Songs were gone,
What were Diateſſaron?

Diatonicks

Diatonicks *would not pleaſe.*
What were all your Syncopes?
What your Meſons, Hypatons?
Or your Hyperboleons?
What your Nothi (*baſtards*) *ha!*
You beget in Fa, Sol, Fa?
Moods not apt for Diapente,
Yet Fa mi *ſometimes has twenty.*

Phan. Here Poet, here's for thy pains.— Nothing. ha! ha!
Ut re mi nil donas but *Fa*, there is wit,
And I am thy *Sole* Friend, *La* then we be quit.
But come hither in good earneſt, *Metricio.*
The laſt Sonnet here, which I have ſet to'th Organ
Pleaſes me well, but will not ſo my Lord *Marcus.*
'Tis too ſerious.
Met. Such only my Lady deſires
Otherwiſe thou know'ſt my humour is
For light Ayres, and pleaſant *Madrigales.*
But ſhe'l have none but grave and ſubſtantiall.——
A Poet according to the Greek *Etymon*
Is a Maker, and ſo as in the Court,
There be ſome Creatures made, ſolid, and ſerviceable;
Others legier and ayrie; ſo are made by us
Poems, and Sonnets.
Pha. But here too, you entrench
Upon the Muſitian.
Met. I, when 'tis for my purpoſe
A Poet has his Long and his Large ſometimes,
With a prolix and tedious Preamble.
Sic coſtam longo ſubduximus Apenino.
Another has his *Brief* in a *Sonnet*,
And a *Semi-brief* in an Epigram
When it ends acutely. But will my Lady
Sing that my Sonnet next?
Pha. She will: but his Lordſhip
Muſt not hear, nor ſee it: he's all for light Ayres,
Amorous Ditties that his Daughter may
Reſolve to marry the young Lord *Valeran.*
Pha. Let me ſee, *Mount, mount, my ſoul.*
Met. Nay *Phantaſio* let me read and grace
My own, you in *Prick-ſong*, I better vers'd.

Phan. *ſnatches the Verſes, and attempts to read.*

In

In *Coma's, Colons, Semi-briefs, Periods, Et cætera.* *Reads.*

Mount, mount my ſoul, mount with a higher ſtrain
From this ſad vale, where pleaſure mixt with pain,
Can have no Alt. *Heaven is my dwelling place,*
And earth below, for mourning, is the baſe.
I live to love, but not to match with grief,
A Long, a Large, I rather chooſe a brief,
Vain Love! ſhort life! ah Heaven new ſet my Song,
Change but one Note, a Brief *into a* Long.

Pha. But if my Lord hear this!
Met. Let him, and ſwear,
By all the gods, his daughter is my Miſtris;
Pha. See here comes my Lord *Valerian*, let's withdraw. *Exeunt.*
Met. Anguſta whiſpering, ſhe's a very Sharke.

Enter Valerian *and* Anguſta.

Ang. Nay my Lord, could you think I could be ſo
Uncivil, but that I would as well tax you,
As him, that no exceptions might be taken.
You little know his drift. He under-hand
Offers me thouſands to endear his Love,
Unto my Lady, which I'le never do.
Val. VVell ſaid, the ſum I promis'd, ſhall be thine.
Ang. Thus then my Lord, as I unveyl a heart
Untaign'd unto your Lordſhip: I diſplay
This Curtain, where a Voyce ſhall firſt invite.
Your Ear to liſten, next to pleaſe your ſight. *Exit.*

Cecilie *ſings within*, Mount, mount, &c. *and after ſhe has ſang it, ſhe enters*, Anguſta *following.*

Cec. My Lord, y'are welcome.
Val. So breaths a ſweet perfume,
When milder *Zephyres* ventilate the Creſtes
Of ſweet *Arabian* Spiceries. VVelcome?
This only word, has here infus'd more heat
Than can bright *Phœbus* to the chilling earth.
Cec. Miſtake me not (my Lord) VVelcom's a word
Of civil Courteſie. I a *Roman* bred,
And nobly born, ſhould rudely ſeem to treat

One

One of your Rank, ſhould I omit this one,
So courſe a Complement.
Val. Yet, 'tis to me,
If reall, (as I am ſure it is) a word,
That bodes a happineſs.
Cec. 'Tis true, my Lord,
A happineſs tranſcendent, to enrich
A ſoul, with more, than all the beauties, honours,
Pleaſures, or wealth, can now, or could conferre.
Val. Madam, with your favour, this far fetch'd ſtrain,
Mounts 'bove the pitch of Love, which is the Aym,
And ſcope of my Ambition.
Cec. Ah, Sir, how then
Shall we mix ſoul with ſoul, as well as loves?
If mine above the daring Eagle ſoare,
And cleave Heavens glorious Arch, ſhall your dull ſoul
Lie wrap'd in Earth below? give me a ſoul
Can tower at leaſt above the waking Lark,
And contemplate 'bove the eternal joyes;
Elſe what is it for me, and my *Valerian*,
To lye encircl'd in each others Arms?
If ever I ſhall come to give my hand,
And plight my troth; ſhall not a mutual hand,
That may cooperate with mine, be joyn'd?
Val. Moſt willingly.
Cec. And ſhall not then your heart
Conſpire with mine, with an unanimous
Conſent?
Val. Moſt freely.
Cec. If then but to one Eſſence,
And Power immortal I lift heart and hands,
VVill you not joyn with me and do the like?
Val. I will.
Cec. You'l be a Chriſtian, then?
Val. O! ſtay.
You urge too far, what by Philoſophy
I have learn'd, you may perſwade me to; but more,
VVhy ſhould you crave? we both will worſhip one,
Acknowledge one, but ſacrifice to one.
Cec. Indeed I was too forward, and hereby
May chance to be, like other Virgins, forc'd
To be your Love; by menacing of Death.

Or by my father (ſhould you make this known)
May be conſtrain'd to entertain your love,
Which wreſted, cannot be, what you deſire.
Val. No Lady, fear not me; e're I betray
A beauty ſo endow'd with vertues,
Heaven ſtrike me with a Thunder-bolt, or,
May love become abortive, and what here,
I have t'expreſs the notions of my ſoul,
May it be rent from my more treacherous Jaws.
See in a happy hour my Lord and Lady,
Your Parents come.

Enter Marcus *and* Flavia.

Fla. So, hand in hand; ſo may your hearts be linkt
And after more, but why doſt frown my girl?
Love has a noſegay all compos'd of ſweets.
Amor, et melle et felle eſt jucundiſſimus
Come honey, come gall, Love muſt abound in joy.
So thou (my Girle.)
Cec. Madam, you are the tree,
I, but the tender bud, yet while you flouriſh
I cannot droop or wither.
Flav. Bud me no buds.
Thou art a tree thy ſelf, apt to bring fruit,
But with my Lord *Valerian*'s help here, daughter,
You know my meaning.
Mar. I, ſhe muſt be eſpous'd.
Cec. How my Lord.
Mar. Promis'd, betroth'd, and what not,
That may unite a pair, and make but one?
Fla. I, daughter, it muſt be ſo, how ſay you my Lord?
Val. With her conſent you tender that to me,
Which nor the Gods can better.
Cec. How my Lord?
The Gods?
Val. 'Tis but a word of courſe ſweet Lady:
One day, nor makes, nor can deſtroy a habit.
Cec. My Lord th'affair in hand do's ſo import
That of it ſelf, beſides my humble prayer,
It craves a time to pauſe, and weigh each ——

Fla. Each

Fla. Each pudding? tell us of pauſing and weighing now?
Tell us of time? he wears his Locks before.
How many beauteous Ladies have I known,
Who in their prime of youth, could not (forſooth)
Nor love this Noble Knight, nor that brave Lord;
Would have they know not what: like'd not their Garb,
Or were not ſo gentile: or elſe their ſhape
And perſonage was not ſo compleat and abſolute.
In their eye as they deſir'd: Thus trifling
With time, they loſt their better fortunes,
Till Age grew on, and beauty was thereby
Diſparag'd: Then a husband, nor ſo rich,
Nor ſo proper; any then was welcome!
Yet to conſider, you would have more time
Daughter? *O tempora! O mores!* Time?
Why he has wings.
Cec. And ſo has Love.
Fla. But time
Outſtrips him: therefore now my Girle, reſolve.
Mar. She's baſhful, here, here, my Lord, ſhe's yours.
Fla. I, ſilence is conſent, take her my Lord.
Hymen, Hymen, O Hymenæe, Hymen.
Mar. So, we'le leave you for a while; ſhe alone
My Lord with you, in a familiar way.
Fla. Will be: (doubt it not) ſhe'le be tractable.
Daughter, *Venus* be with thee, and *Adonis*
Be thy Companion. Come my Lord let's away:
To prepare for the Nuptials.
Mar. Now's our joy.
Fla. It will, when *Cis* ſhall bring a chopping boy. *Exeunt Mar. & Fla.*
Cec. Ah, ha, oh!
Val. O do not blaſt ſweet Lady,
Blaſt not the tender bud of blooming Love
With ſuch ſad ſighs.
Cec. *Daphne* your fables tell,
Purſu'd by your *Apollo*.
Val. Not mine Madam.
Cec. Was metamorphos'd, and a Lawrel grew:
So ſhe eſcap'd. ---- I muſt retire awhile. *Weeps.*

Enter Metricio *and* Phantaſio, *and* Anguſta.

Val. But do not weep.
Met. No Madam, for my Lord
Your father has commanded me to make
An *Epithalamium*, to celebrate
This Feſtival, and ſolemn day deſign'd
For *Hymen's* Revels.
Met. And I muſt be
The *Paranymph*.
Ang. And I the *Pronuba*,
For you Madam the *Nymph* and *Nupta* too
Ere it be long.
Cec. For me a watry Nymph,
Whoſe eyes are ſteep'd in tears, and throbbing heart
Involv'd with grief --- Ah! Heaven new ſet my Song,
Change but one note, a *Brief* into a *Long*. *Swounes.*
Ang. My Lady ſwounes away: Help, help my Lord.
Madam! what die before the Wedding Day?
Cec. Day? Day? I ſaw indeed a glimpſe of Day,
And thither I was haſt'ning: Why didſt call
Me back, t'inveſt with diſmal Night? the Day
Was dawning, as I cloſ'd my heavy eyes,
To be made happy by eternal light.
Ang. 'Tis but a paſſion of the heart my Lord,
And now the worſt is paſt.
Val. I am glad to hear it.
Ang. O! were *Tiburtius* mine, would I do thus?
Would I ſo near the Wedding Day retract,
What I had done? My Lord you heard her ſay
Retirement now was her deſire.
Val. You'l have
A ſpecial care?
Ang. Of her, and you my Lord,
For now, your lives are one, as are your Loves.
Val. And let me hear
Ang. Each hour and moment too.
Val. Ah ſtill go linkt together, wo and woo! *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter

Enter Officers and Palinodio *in the midſt, with his hands ty'd, and led by a rope.*

Off. 1. Come along there.

Pal. I, here's the ſhort and long
Of the buſineſs: either to betray my Lady and Biſhop *Urban*
By a long miſchief, or endure a ſhort, but a ſharp whipping.

Off. 2. Sirrah I'le prick you forward.

Pal. Nay forget not
(I prethee) thy Office, good Carman: whip not the Cart, but
The Jade that draws me there: Or let the Cart go before
The horſe † ſo now whip and ſpare not. *Skips before his Leader.*

Off. 2. Back Sirrah, and keep your way.

Pal. If this be the way to happineſs, let them walk in it
That will, not I.

Off. 1. Not you Sirrah? why what are you?

Pal. A Gentleman Uſher I am,
But now am uſher'd by a Rogue, and back'd by a Raſcal.

Off. 2. Sirrah your hide ſhall pay for this, printed with Rubrick Letters, like your red rag there, that is ſo ſawcy.

Pal. Ah! Good people was ever Gentleman-Uſher thus abus'd? If gaming or wenching had forc'd one of my Calling to
Lay his Pluſh Suit to pawn, and wait on his Lady in
A thread-bare Cloak and Clothes? I never did ſo, though
Another of our Profeſſion ſtole his Ladies Jewels, and
Pawn'd them to the Broker; I never did ſo: yet you ſee
Innocence may ſuffer.

Off. 1. Thou an Innocent, a Fool and a Knave thou art.

Pal. Prethee untie me then, and let us ſhake hands.

Off. 1. Sirrah the Poſt is near; then ----

Pal. Nay then he may bring newes for my releaſe,
At leaſt ſome of my Ladies houſe may look
Out there. O here comes Madam *Anguſta.*

Enter Anguſta.

Ang. Why how now *Palinodio*, dragg'd home like a runnaway Apprentice, I thought you had lov'd my Lady better than ſo?

Pal. Why ſhe jeers me?

Ang. Nay let me untie thy hands, that it may be ſaid thou com'ſt home willingly.

Pal. As willingly as ever came Wench to her Comrade, when ſhe wanted money.

Off. 1. Why how now bold *Beatrice!* can you juſtifie this Act?

Enter Tiburtius.

Ang. At leaſt, here comes one that will. My Lord you love my Lady well, and therefore would not ſee her Dog wrong'd; much leſs her Servant here, and Gentleman Uſher.

Tib. You Varlets, let him go.

Off. 2. Why Sir he's a Chriſtian.

Pal. But a Roman withal I am. 'Twould ne're have griev'd me to have been whipt as a Chriſtian; but as a Roman could ne're have been able to have waſh'd away the diſgrace.

Tib. Sirrah put on his Doublet, button it you Sirrah, and that ſpeedily.

Pal. Why ſo now I have my Gentleman and Taylor to wait on me, thus for a good Cauſe, honour attends upon diſgrace:
And I who whilome was contemn'd as no-man,
Am treated now, and honour'd like a Roman.

Off. 2. You'l anſwer this? my Lord *Almachius* ſhall know it.

Tib. Hence Raſcalls, or ——

Pal. Hence you baſe Canniballs.

Off. 2. Sirrah we ſhall meet with you again.

Pal. No, if I can help it.

Off. 1. Yes Sirrah this ſhall reach you, go to.

Pal. Firſt may a halter ſtretch you, go two;
One halter will ſerve to hang you both. *Exeunt Officers and* Palin. *at ſeveral Doors.*

Tib. Lady, how goes the ſquares here?

Ang. So, with Lady
He begins again, as he clos'd the period:
Squares my Lord? Fortune's wheel turns round.
Your Brother, and my Lady were eſpous'd.
Ah my Lord that you had been ſo near the Mark!
Married in a manner they were.

Tib. And are they not.

Ang. Nay this night was deſign'd for bedding.

Tib. And is't not ſtill?

Ang. Why ſay my Lord it is.
If you'l give what you promis'd ——

Tib. And add more.

Ang. I'le paſſe my word (and faithful) as I am)

You

You ſhall anticipate by free acceſs
Unto her Chamber. And to augment your hopes,
What I avouch is truth. No ſooner were
Th' Eſpouſals finiſh'd, but ſhe drench't in tears,
Fell in a ſwoun to th' earth: and what ſhe then
Was muttering, I beſt know, who rais'd her up.---
That what her parents by conſtraint had done,
Was no act of hers: And other words beſides.
Which ----

Tib. When thou art, as thou deſerv'ſt to be Enrich'd by this, and more which I will give, Thou wilt diſcover. *Gives her a Purſe (of money.*

Ang. And to make all ſure,
'Twixt eight and nine, come to the Poſtern Gate,
I'le let you in, and bring you to her Chamber door.
But I muſt not be ſeen: yet if you ſee
Some counter-mand which comes from her, as yet
To me unknown (but ſuch a thing may be)
Then --- Noble Sir, lay not the fault on me:
But that which ſways in Marriage; Deſtiny.

Tib. But if my Brother come and find me there.

Ang. As though I could not that prevent.

Tib. But how?

Ang. One word can do't, have we not every day
A world of tatling Viſitants that come
To ſee, or to be ſeen, or idlely chat?
To theſe I ſay my Lady is not well.
There's no reply 'gainſt this. Nor will your brother
Make doubt of this, who lately left her in
Her fainting fits.

Tib. Thou will't not fail?

Ang. Not I.

Tib. Farewel, till then. *Exit.*

Ang. Fortune attend your Lordſhip.
He's gone --- Hum! -- now am I at my wits end,
Like one who has promis'd two Creditors
To pay the ſame ſum of money, when he has,
But that in all the world. What ſhall I do?
Or which way turn to diſ-engage my ſelf?
Tuſh! An excuſe a woman (ſudden) brings
(When tax'd) by touching of her apron ſtrings. *Exit.*

ACT IV.

ACT. IV. Scene I.

Flouriſh. *Enter* Marcus, Flavia, Metricio, Phantaſio, Palinodio, Anguſta, Cecilie.

Mar. THe *Negra* Night, though ſhe has vail'd the skies,
And baniſh'd hence the luſtre of the day,
Seems with the Muſick to applaud this hour:
And with her flaming tapers ſhews the way

Fla. I ſweet Girle.
There thou muſt lodge to night with ſome-body.

Mar. That was a boding word. But *Paranymph*
Thou haſt a *Epithalamium*?

Met. Yes my Lord.

Fla. Quick then let's hear't: I long till ſhe's abed.

Met. *Joy to the Bride, whom now you ſee,*
Like to the Iſle of Sicilie:
Which round about the Ocean laves,
And gently courts with chryſtal waves:
Which purling in white foam, may be,
In Tipe, the Zone of Chaſtity:
Come hither, watry Nymphs, and chide,
The ſlower pace, of our fair Bride:
Come clearer Rivers, Brooks, and Springs,
Behold, and envy what ſhe brings:
Far purer thoughts, than are your ſtreams,
By the reflection of Heavens beams:
Come Bridegroom, come, and happy be,
With thy fair Iſle of Cecilie.
'Tis Hymen *calls, come tie the Band;*
Joyn with this Iſle of ſever'd land:
That with a mutual, free conſent,
You both, may make one continent.

Mar. I, that's the way to live honeſt: now you *Pronuba*? ne're a wiſe word?

Ang. Yes

Ang. Yes my Lord.
Long may the Bride and Bridegroom joy, and I
Be next to ſhare in like felicity.
Mar. Daughter, here we leave you, ſo good night ----
Fla. This will be good, I know twas ſuch to me. *Exeunt.*
Cec. Aſſiſt me Heaven! ---- Here on my Chamber Door. *Manet*
I fix this ſacred ſpell, to force from hence (*Cecilie.*
Valerian: 'gainſt which if he reſiſt, *Hangs up the Copy of Verſes.*
Heaven has a ſtronger Guard. ---- *Exit.*

Enter Anguſta, Tiburtius.

Ang. Here my Lord, here you may freely paſs
Unto her Chamber; ſo I leave you.
Tib. Do ſo.
Hum! what have we here? a paper pendant?
She's muſical, and by a Sonnet may
Rather invite me, than by word of mouth. ----
Being ſo modeſt as ſhe is ---- *He reads.*

Back, back Valerian, *hence, away:*
Such bold attempts, muſt have delay.
Here's no ſafety to be found,
Back, away; 'tis ſacred ground,
Where a Champion by my ſide,
Stands to guard me as his Bride.
Back, back Valerian, *hence, away;*
Such bold attempts, muſt have delay.

Back *Valerian*? as much to ſay, as
Come *Tiburtius*. But there's a Champion
Within (ſhe ſays) which guards her as a Bride.
What Paramour? what Rival's this? why ſhould
I hazard life? No, let *Valerian* come,
To grapple with th' Antagoniſt: who ſlain,
She will abhor my brother for the fact.
But ſay *Valerian* ſhould be ſlain? what then?
I have th' eſtate, and powerful riches move,
And is the *Primum Mobile* to Love. *Exit.*

Scene 2.

Scene 2

Val. The Coaſt is clear, no lurking Pyrate lies
In wait, no Shelf, nor Rock, nor Quickſand here;
That threatens Shipwrack to my fraighted Bark,
That's bound for *Cecilie*: I'le put to ſhore.
Yet ſtay: what have we here fixt on her Door?
Back, back, Valerian, *hence, away*;
What means this Charm? or what infernal Spell
Is this which ſo conjutes *Valerian*?
Here's no ſafety to be found. I am betraid
Where a Champion by my ſide,
Stands to guard me as his Bride?
Hum! be what he will, *Hector* or *Hercules*;
I dare encounter. *Back, back*, Valerian? No.

Valerian *pulls the Curtain and* Cecilie *enters.*

Lady this traverſe muſt no longer, be,
Partition to our Loves, who are as one.
Cec. I come my Lord, why are you thus incens'd?
Val. Come then, and let me like the amorous vine
About the Elm, enfold thee in mine Armes.
Nay flie not back, maugre thy Magick Spels,
Champion or Devil, Ile not be retrograde.
Cec. Keep off, *Valerian*, touch me not, or die.
Val. The intereſt I claim is due by promiſe,
And ratifi'd by Heaven: th' art mine: I muſt
And will enjoy thee.
Cec. Stay good my Lord,
But hear me ſpeak.
Val. Not I.
Cec. Oh! Noble Sir;
Be not too raſh: Condemn me not before
You know me guilty.
Val. Speak then, but be ſuccinct.
Cec. I will, and thus a ſecret do unfold.
There is an Angel Guardian of my ſoul
And body too. A glorious powerful wight,
Brighter than *Phœbus* rayes, when he with all
His luſtre darts his fiery-ſprakling beams.
Whoſe eye like burning lamps reſplendent ſhine,

Whoſe

Whoſe Arms can reach above *Olympus* height.
Whoſe breath can blaſt, as Northern winds do buds,
An hoſt of warriers. Dwarfs your Giants were
That fought againſt your Gods, compar'd with him,
Nay more.
Val. Nay, you have ſaid enough: too much,
Beyond belief. But think not thus to ſcare
Valerian with your bugbears. There within
Thy Chamber, thou falſe-hearted *Cecily*,
Thy Paramour lurks, whom, that he may eſcape,
Thou mak'ſt ſo terrible. Tuſh! I nor fear
His dreadful brow, nor more than humane ſtrength.
This ſword ſhall make a paſſage through his heart:
VVhere ſhould I finde thee, oh! Could my juſt wrath
Forbear to quell what moſt I lov'd till now.
Cec. And may do ſtill my Lord.
Val. Say then, what is he?
But I muſt ſee.
Cec. You ſhall, but if you now,
Now as you are a *Pagan*, ſhould attempt
To violate by force, He, though unſeen,
Will ſtrike you dead. Which miſchief to prevent,
I beg upon my knees you will forbear.
Val. May I not ſee him?
Cec. He's a Spirit, Sir,
Has no Corporeal ſubſtance, can aſſume
A ſhape ſo dreadfull, As no mortal can
Behold.
Val. All this is but illuſion.
Cec. Then, cauſe you'r jealous, ſearch my Chamber round.
Val. I will. Val. *ſearches within.*
Cec. Nay look in every corner, Sir.
Val. I have, and no man finde. Why then th'art chaſte
And true to thy *Valerian*:
Cec. Heaven knows I am.
And love you 'bove all mortals. Therefore I
Beg on my knees with tears, not to attempt
To bring me to your Bed, and haſten fate,
Which brings a double death: That of your ſoul:
'Tis that my Lord, which makes mine eyes diſtill
Theſe dewy drops, which trickling down my cheeks
From thence aſcend to the Almighty's throne,

To beg of him t'appeaſe and curb your wrath,
And to conſtrain your too much daring hand.
Val. Thou haſt prevail'd, but 'tis on this condition
That I may ſee that Angel; and I vow.——
Cec. Vow to believe, and joyn with me in faith.
Then ſhall our ſouls be linkt, our loves more chaſte;
And if I ſhew you not that glorious wight,
Say, I am falſe, and my Religion ſuch:
Say I am treacherous both to Heaven and you.
Val. I could be curious.
Cec. Be not ſo my Lord,
But really proceed, and with deſire,
Of Heaven, which muſt be priz'd above a wife.
Val. Well, I am reſolv'd; what then muſt next be done?
Cec. VVill you be ſecret?
Val. As thyne own heart my Dear.
Cec. In *Via Appia*, which your Lordſhip knows,
Not far from hence, in Vaults within the Earth,
Lye many Chriſtians. 'Mongſt the reſt there's one,
A venerable Man, *our holy Biſhop*,
Be pleas'd (attended by my man) to go
To him, who will inſtruct you in our Faith:
And when the purifying ſtreams ſhall rinſe,
And cleanſe the Ordures of your tainted ſoul,
Return to me: and then you ſhall behold,
What, next th'eternal power, is wonderfull.
Val. Methinks a light's transfu'sd into my ſoul,
And a more powerfull fire has ſeiz'd upon
My now relenting heart, which do's adde wings
To my deſires. Madam, I take my leave:
Till my return, be what you are.
Cec. Still yours. ——
'Tis but the hand of Heaven which wounding cures. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tiburtius.

Tib. Hum! my brother gone, and not ſo much as blood ſhed?
This kill-cow Champion then enjoys her ſtill. *Cecily ſings within.*
Liſt, ſhe's in triumph, ſinging, and now 'tis
Back back *Tiburtius.* Fear not; I am not ſo forward
To hazard life or limb for a Miſtris:
Much leſs for thee who haſt a Paramour.

Expect

Expect not then *Tiburtius* bold attempt.——
Yet, Madam! madam!
Cec. VVhat's he disturbs us there?
Is't you my Lord *Tiburtius*?
Tib. As you see.
But where's *Valerian* your Lord and Love? fear'd hence
By your so dreadfull Champion, or your spells?
Cec. Not so, but to return again he's gone.
And when they meet by one sole interview,
All quarrels shall be ended.
Tib. Very good.
And who of three shall then enjoy your love?
Cec. That soon shall be discover'd by th'event.
Tib. Yet one thing ere we part, I fain would know:
By what Enchantment now, while VVinter cloathes
The Earth with snow and hoary frosts, such odours
Breath, as if with rich perfume the Lilly
And sweeter Rose were by a forward Spring,
Brought forth to yield their pleasing savours, here;
No Flowers I see, but Roses in your Cheeks,
No Lillies, but those Ivory fingers there,
VVhich cannot vent such odoriferous sents,
As now perfume the Ayre.
Cec. Oh Noble Sir,
Think not, we Christians work by Magick art.——
VVith Roses here, and Lillies intermixt
My temples with a Coronet are wreath'd,
VVhich though you see not, we no Sorcery
Have us'd to blinde your eyes, which have a filme
That overspreads your sight. Go, go, my Lord;
I pray go to your brother, take his advice;
And then return: then (happy) shall you see,
The Garland which I wear of fragrant Flowers;
And see besides with him, what I have promis'd.
Tib. Madam, your Charm is powerfull; I'le away. *Exit.*
Cec. May Heaven illumine both as he begins,
And born again shall be these Noble Twins. *Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Almachius, Saphricius, *Officers, and Headſman with an Axe.*

Alm. COme bring him forth, I'le ſee the Execution;
Or if he yet relent and ſacrifice
Unto our gods, he's pardon'd.
Sap. To your gods?
Your Devils, Monſters, Moppets, Puppets, Bugges.
Alm. Out thou blaſphemous wretch! away with him.
Sap. I have endur'd a torture in each joynt:
Theſe feet were ſcorch'd, theſe arms with burning torches:

Enter Nicephorus.

Yet could I ſuffer more.
Alm. Take him away.
Nic. O! let me come; 'tis more than time to ſpeak,
Saphricius! Saphricius!
Alm. What's hee
That interrupts our Juſtice?
Nic. Saphricius,
I once was thy dear friend, and thou we'rt mine,
Untill (unfortunate) we fell at jarres,
And open enmity, yet now at leaſt
Forgive, as I do thee.
Sap. Forgive thee? no.
Thou too injurious wer't to be forgiven.
Nic. Say all the fault were mine, and only you
Were injur'd, yet now deſtin'd as a Victim
And ſacrifice for Heaven, what Heaven commands
For Heaven's ſake do not omit.
Sap. I never will forgive thee.
He troubles me here.
Off. Come Sirrah, ſtand aſide.
Nic. Pardon; upon my knees I beg it; forgive me
Good *Saphricius.*
Off. What an abſurd fellow art thou?
What need'ſt fear him, he's going to die.

Nic. Oh.

Nic. Oh there's a Power above; all Charity,
All Goodneſs, Love; for which he gives his life,
To which his ſoul relates, and muſt be like;
In rendring good for ill, and pardoning all:
Therefore upon my knees, again I beg it.
Sap. Away thou hatefull and injurious man,
Nor I, nor Heaven, will pardon thy offence.
Nic. Here proſtrate on the earth, I kiſs your feet,
Though you likewiſe I thought had wronged me;
Yet be the fault all mine, forgive me, Sir.
Sap. Not I: this fellow vexes me.
Off. Be gone.
Alma. Force him to ſilence there, or ſtop his mouth.
Off. Now prepare: y'are come to th' place aſſign'd.
Sap. Aſſign'd for what?
Off. For Death, by this keen Axe.
Becauſe thou wilt not offer ſacrifice
To *Jupiter*;
Sap. So, is't for that cauſe, then——
Alm. Executioner do your Office. *Saphr. trembles.*
Off. I will my Lord
Inſtantly. The valiant *Saphricius*,
Who late endur'd all kinde of Tortures, now
Begins to tremble every joynt and limbe.
I'le cure him of his Palſey.
Sap. Hold, ah! hold.
Thy hand, my friend, and hear one word.
Off. What's that?
For two thou ſhalt not have, what is it?
Sap. Gods.
Off. Speak that again.
Sap. Unto the Gods I ſay,
I'le ſacrifice.
Alm. VVhat ſays he there, of Gods?
Off. That he to them will ſacrifice.
Sap. Diſcover
Too I will, what now a Chriſtian Lady
Is perpetrating 'gainſt two Noble Lords.
Alm. Thou haſt thy life: The gods are merciſull.
Nic. My Lord! my Name's *Nicephorus*.
Alm. What's next?
Nic. I am a Chriſtian too, and what this Renegade

Hath

Has loſt, I come to gain; a Palm of Victory.
A Crown immortall.
Alm. Art thou then a Chriſtian?
Nic. I ſay, I am; and were it poſſible
VVould give another life, ſo that I might
Reclaym him there who has renounc'd his Faith
For want of Love: the badge a Martyr brings,
Elſe cannot have the honour to be ſuch.
Alm. Gaoler, take him to your cuſtody. And to morrow
(If he recant not, as his fellow has done)
Executioner you know your Office, let him dye.
I muſt away: affairs which much import
Are calling on me. Come *Saphricius*
I go to offer Incenſe to great *Jove*; *Exeunt.*
Sap. I'le joyn with you my Lord moſt willingly. *Manet* Niceph.
Nic. He's gone; O miſerable man! he's loſt *& Execut.*
For ever loſt, I fear. Suffer'd ſo much?
So long! and at the laſt apoſtatize. —— ay me!
Have you not well obſerv'd the Provence Roſe,
How every leaf pluckt from the Neighbouring Chives,
Is tipt as 'twere with Gold? Such are our actions,
Such our thoughts; when golden Charity
And Love dos guild our every leavy thought,
Sprung from the ſoul: elſe nought avails, nor death,
Without the hearty love of friend and Foe:
He onely dyeth well, that's living ſo.---- *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Valerian *and* Tiburtius *come out of the Vault,* Urban *appearing to the middle above the Vault.*

Urban. MY Lord *Valerian* (twice the elder Son
By birth and Faith) you'l have a ſpecial care
Of him that ſeconds you, your only brother,
Who leſs inſtructed, cauſe the time was ſhort,
Next that of Heaven t'aſſiſt, wants your ſupport. ---
You are my children now, and ſheep: farewell.
Doubt not the Lady wil fulfill her word.
Remember now y'are Combatants for Heaven:
And that your Guerdon, an immortal Crown,

Is

Is that you fight for; not for fading wreathes.
Val. For this Atchievement we entreat your Prayers.
Urban. Nor I in that, nor in paternal care
Will be defective, Heaven bleſs my Children. *Deſcends.*
Val. Where we have been, what ſeen, and what acquir'd;
Our breſts may better lodge than we can utter.
W'have been in Paradiſe, beheld a Heaven
I'th bowels of the earth: the Chriſtian Flock
Within a Fold, whoſe darkneſs is exil'd,
As well b' exemplar life, as burning Lamps.
Here ſome in Prayers, there others chaunting Hymns.
Here ſome in Contemplation.
Tib. Others I ſaw
And heard exhorting to a vertuous life,
And ſome inſtructing *Catechumens*, ſuch
As prepare themſelves for holy tincture.
Val. Not mine and thine is heard amongſt them there,
But all in common, all one heart, one will:
Unanimous they live. VVhy now methinks
I am arm'd 'gainſt all events.
Tib. I'le follow you.
Val. Could pull down Idols, and deſtroy their Fanes:
O! what a greeting will there be betwixt
That vertuous Lady and our new born ſelves?

Enter Three Watchmen.

Madam I come, I flye with wings of Love,
One ſoul with thine, one heart and faith I bring,
Now touch thy Organ, and melodious ſing.
Tib. But heark, my Lord, ere we ſet forward,---
I am deceiv'd if I ſee not ſome here in *Via Appia*,
Are wont to lie in wait for Chriſtians.
1. Come my Maſters, keep your ſtanding.
2. I ſee two of 'hem.
3. Then let's comprehend 'hem.
1. No, we'le reſpect 'hem till they come within
Reach, and then down with 'hem.
2. No, no, let's dog 'hem home, and beſet the houſe.
3. That we may do by the ſent; for I ſmell them already,
Th' are ſo muskifyed:

1. I ſol-

1. I follow 'hem cloſe. So, ſo, when they're hous'd
Have at 'hem, then, hah! for a Booty. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE V.

Enter Flavia, *and* Marcus, Anguſta, Metricio, Phantaſio, Palinodio.

Fla. *Anguſtula*, come ye hither.
Ang. Yes, Madam.
Fla. Tell me, when was your Ladie's bed laſt made?
Ang. Madam, upon the Marriage day i'th morning
Fla. And never ſince? Mar. *looks within.*
Ang. Not ſince indeed, Madam.
Mar. 'Tis even ſo: Nay worſe, for 'tis yet made.
Ay me! here's no body. Ah! that bodeing! ſomebody
Has deceiv'd us VVife. This a Nuptial bed?
Fla. Nay, not ſo much as tumbled on. VVhy where?
VVhere lay my Daughter all this while.
Ang. Alas!
Good Lady! if he came not to bed, was't
Her fault? In former times (I know it well)
She often watch'd all night: ſpent it in prayer:
But now what Lady could have been ſo godly?
Fla. I am vext.
Mar. And ſo am I.
Fla. Nay I am
Aſham'd to ſee't, wed and not bed together!
Mar. Now Sir, you with your Epithalamiums, *To Met.*
Your Epigrams, Anagrams, Chronograms,
Your Raptures, Enthuſiaſmes, and Whim-whams.
To humour my Daughter, with your Melancholy
Strains, that now ſhe's fit for no-thing, nor no-
-Body, that I ſee; And you with your *Dia-* *To Phan.*
-Paſons, and brain-ſick Crotchets! you have run
A fair diviſion, have you not, to ſeparate
Man and VVife? And you Gentleman-uſher. *To Pal.*
That look ſo wilde: you that have been rambling---
And now come ſcar'd out of your little wits,
VVhat newes? what's the matter with you now?

Pal. A

Pal. A matter of matters, nay all my back and sides
Had been *Matter*, but that Noble *Tiburtius* came
To succour me. Otherwise I had been stript and whipt,
Onely for saying my Lady was as fair as *Venus*.
Mar. But where's my Lord *Valerian*?
Pal. He'le be here
This night, or to morrow morning.
Fla. To morrow morning, will
That be a fit time to visit his wife, Goodman *Palinodie*?
Pal. Why then to Night Madam, he'le be here. (*money.*
Fla. Thou'rt welcome then, here's thy reward. ---- *Both give him*
Mar. And here; come *Flavia* let's prepare. *Exeunt Mar. & Fla.*
Pal. Poet and Musitian, look here. †Will you participate? No.
'Tis strange a Poet that stands so much on feet, †*Shews the money.*
Should fall into wants: Or that a Musitian
Should not live as well on good aires, as a Sycophant
By an ill breath; but nothing strange that this
Gentleman-Usher † by this, and this, is richly clad †*Kisses his hand,*
In plush here. (*and congies.*
Met. So, so.
Pal. Yet that you may not sing with heavy heart
For both your Muses, go, I have a quart.

ACT. V. Scene I.

Enter Valerian.

Val. FEar, with belief, unpowers: disarmes me now
Who late was daring, while (an unbeliever;)
I could not credit what by faith I've learn'd,
That there are Spirits call'd Intelligences,
On whose Majestick brow a terrour dwells. ——
The gentle plaites I dare not now unfold,
Who once could like a violent torrent rush
Into her Chamber. Might I see Her first,
Whose countenance is angelical, from thence
Mine eye might be transferr'd, though fearfully
To view her Angel.

Enter Devil.

Dev. Here I am: look then,
On me; an Angel.
Val. But not hers, thou art
So monſtrous, ugly, and deform'd.
Dev. I am.
And that I may evict belief from thee, † *A Maſque of Ladies,*
† See Nymphs and Ladies here which I command, (*Devils & Satyrs.*
As fair as thine: Mine rather might have ſaid, *The Dance ended,*
For when ſhe's ſlumbring in her bed, I ſtand (*when* Valerian *draws*
And gently fold in mine, her lilly hand. (*the Curtain, they all*
Which nimbly now ſhall touch the Organ: and, (*vaniſh, and* Cecilie
While that, and other Muſick ſounds; t'advance (*enter.*
The power I have, I here command a Dance.
They dance.

Enter Cecilie.

Cec. Welcome my Lord, my deareſt Love and Spouſe.
What means this ghaſtly look? what is't you fear?
Val. They're vaniſh'd, all with him, who ſtanding there
Told me, he was thine Angel; but ſo ugly,
I could not think a beauty had commerce
With ſuch a monſter.
Cec. No; my Lord, 'twas he
Who oppoſite to my bleſt Guardian, ſeeks
To ruin that, the other do's preſerve.
Val. But here were Ladies too.
Cec. But airy Phantoſmes:
Deluding Devils, they who can aſſume
What ſhape they liſt: yet ſtill are limited
In that, and power by the Almighty's will
Val. And yours it ſeems; for at th'approach of day,
As the black *Negra* Night with Ravens wings
Poſts from the Confines of the Univerſe,
So did at your aſpect, theſe ſpirits vaniſh. —— *Enter Angel with*
Cec. My Lord, I need not be inquiſitive to know (*two wreaths of*
What now you are: this object ſhall ſuffice (*flowers, made*
To tell how faith has clear'd your gloomy eyes. (*of Lilies and*
Val. But not ſo eagle-ſighted yet am I (*Roſes.*
As to behold this glorious wight.
Cec. Yet, but
A ray, or glimpſe of the immortal power.

Angel Hail

Angel. Hail to you Virgin, and your happy Spouſe,
Bleſt be your Loves, which heaven has lunkt in one.
I come from yon bright Manſion, Paradice;
From thence have brought theſe fragrant wreaths of flowers
The pure white Lilly and the crimſon Roſe
That, to denote your ſpotleſs, chaſter Loves;
This, to preſent the ardour of your flames,
Which upward tend towards th' immortal fire.
Bow, bow your heads, while croſſe-wiſe thus I crown,
To ſymbolize, you muſt ſtoop low to riſe.
And like the Palme be preſt; for with renown,
Without Afflictions Croſſe, is gain'd no Crown.

Enter Tiburtius *and kneels.*

Here yet a Crown expects a Champions head,
Who in his firſt (as he was born from Earth)
Come's now to joyn, bleſt by a ſecond birth.
Joyn Arm in Arm as you enwombed lay,
A loving pair, yet happier twins too day.

The brothers (embrace.

Cecilie *ſings.*

So from the Brook return the bathed Doves,
While from your candid breaſt ſpring purer Loves.
So from the waters waſhd, we may behold
The pure white ſheep return unto the fold,
So in the dewy Morn, we ſee the Larkes
So fraighted come a pair of wave-waſh'd Barkes.
Then welcome Doves with chaſter Loves.
Welcome enroll'd Sheep in the fold,
Mount pair of Larkes, and for your Barkes,
Heaven be your Haven: ne're disband,
Here caſt your Anchor, Hope; and Land.

Angel Time calls away to mount 'bove liquid skies,
Be arm'd, prepare, a ſudden ſtorm will riſe
Loſe not your Sea-mark Heiven, but boldly ſteer. ---
The Tempeſt paſt, dark clouds ſhall diſappear;
Next, Day eternal ſhine; Bleſt three adieu, ---
None ſhall behold your wreaths, but ſuch as you. *Exit.*

Val. Come then Diſaſters, Fire, and Sword, and Racks.

Tib. Come what can come, what ſpiteful hell can belch,
Or Heaven ſhall pleaſe to ſend, or ſhall permit.

Val. Or come whatfoe're it be, as we embrace,
We'le hug their torments. What is't once to die,
To live ſo many lives, eternally?

Cec. My dear *Valerian*, now, as fully mine,
As I am yours, and both linkt to a third,
Your deareſt brother: ſummon'd now by heaven
To be ingulf'd in a tempeſtuous Mayne,
Let's to his Standard flie, who now invites
His ſouldiers to a Combate. His pure-white
Of Innocence, and flowing purple, tells,
Ours muſt be like, although no parallels.

SCENE 2.

Enter Almachius, *and Officers*, Maximus *and Attendants.*

1 *Off.* There my Lord; thoſe two we dog'd from *Via Appia.*

Alm. Valerian and *Tiburtius* Chriſtians? I thought as much.

Val. But not ſo much as we can act of Chriſtians.

Alm. Nor could I think ſo much of Sorcery,
As can this younger Lady actuate:

Enter Marcus *and* Flavia.

Lay hold of her and thoſe her two Diſciples.

Mar. VVhat have we here to do? Diſturb me in
My own houſe?

Alm. And carry hence your Daughter too,
That's more; for Juſtice has no limit. Take her
Away.

Mar. It ſhall not need my Lord: I paſſe
My word, ſhe ſhall be forth coming.

Alm. Nay here,
Your houſe is ample, we can ſoon diſpatch.
Let firſt the Brothers come.

Val. VVe rather flie,
T'embrace the worſt of deaths thou canſt invent.

Alm. Y'are Noble; adore our mighty Gods, and live.

Tib. That were t'offend th' Almighty Power of Heaven.

Alm. You know the penalty, to loſe your goods,
Confiſcate.

Val. Goods? They are but breeding evils:
But now diſburs'd amongſt the poor, a treaſure laid up in Heaven.

Alm. I there ſhe ſtands who wrought this policy,
VVe'l come to hear the ſource of all this miſchief.
Mean while (my Lords) you (to reſolve) retire,
Either t'adore the Gods, or be beheaded.
Val. VVhat two extreams are theſe? Or make a Stock
Or Stone a God (renouncing him above,
T' incur everlaſting death) or die.
This I. ——
Tib. And I embrace.
Val. To die but once.
Tib. Live ever: Thus I am reſolv'd.
Val. And I.
Alm. Then take 'hem hence. *Exeunt Val. & Tib.*
Bring in the Lady.
Offic. She's here my Lord.
Alm. Sitting down. *Cecile*, thou art here arraign'd for hainous crimes,
Which who could think were lurking in a breaſt
So young and tender? In a Damoſel fair,
And by extraction Noble? But when Vice
Uſurpes a hold in better Natures, ſoon
They are deprav'd, like richer wines, which once,
Corrupted, taint the Veſſel more where th' are
Enclos'd—— So young! yet could'ſt by Magick Art
Enchaunt the Lord *Valerian*; who enamour'd,
Was by thy powerful and bewitching charmes
Bound in the chains of a prodigious love. ----
Then was he wrought upon t' abjure the Gods,
And march among the ſuperſtitious rank
Of ſuch Impoſtors as thy ſelf. --- This done,
(For miſchief has no period) you engroſs
His Goods, his Plate, and Jewels: Was content
To feign a Marriage, more t'endear your ſelf,
Though 'twere by proſtitution. Next you were content
He might be publickly traduc'd
For Chriſtianiſme, and now to loſe his head,
With his, as Noble Brother, Lord *Tiburtius*.
VVho elſe might have enjoy'd his full eſtate.
Laſtly, to cheat the Emperour of his Right,
VVhich comes for want of heir, they have I ſee,
VVhich was a plot of yours) they have no place,
No other Magazine (where they have hid
Their treaſure) but Beggars, Rogues, and Raſcals,

Apoſtates,

Apoſtates, and ſuch like ſcum of th' earth. ----
All's gone, all given away, by which you hope
(Forſooth) to gratifie your poor-born God.
Is not this true, and verified by many
Which I could name; amongſt the reſt *Saphricius*,
A holy Convert, who was one of yours,
Well vers'd in all your plots. But why ſhould I
Exaggerate, what of it ſelf is ſo,
Enormous? No: I pity Lady your
More tenderyears, and Noble Parents here:
Pity a beauty which deſerves to be
Enthron'd upon a Princely Seat, rather
Than be ſo vilified, and made ſo baſe
As to conſort with ſordid, deſpicable,
And abject riff-raffe, vipers, vermines, worms,
Which creep in th' earth, and lurk in horrid Caves.
What ſay you Lady, deny? or guilty yield?

Cec. What need I traverſe this Indictment? all
Compacted of untruths? know then I am
A Chriſtian; not therefore baſe; but you
Who in your Gods, do homage to the Devil.
Chriſtian and baſe! O! had I breath enough,
To eccho in the air this glorious Name!
A title 'tis; *Encomium*, that tranſcends
'Bove humane things; by Chriſtian I am made.
More noble than by birth, more powerful than
Your *Cæſars*; more victorious. Tell me of Goods?
Go'd, Plate, and Jewels! Theſe I more contemn,
Than what I trample on. Unworthy Judge
That call'ſt me proſtitute, I defie
Thee, and thy Goddeſſes, that were but ſuch:
Harlots, and Queans: thy Gods adulterous.
Valerian is my Spouſe; but far more dear
By that which now he is: A Chriſtian.
This our glory, this is our true renown,
To gain by combate an immortal Crown.

Alm. Our patience is abus'd, our Gods contemn'd,
To whom, or ſacrifice, or die.

Cec. But die?
Die but one death? muſt I but loſe one life
To purchaſe an eternal? Oh! how good!
How bounteous heaven, which by a quick return,

Ren-

Renders for death a life for ever happy!
Alm. Bring 'hem forth there; Sha't ſee to what thou'ſt brought
A wretched pair, who late were Noble Lords. *Enter Headſman*
And if good Nature be not utterly (Val. *and* Tib. *and* Cec.
In thee deprav'd, thy more relenting heart
Cannot but have remorſe. See here they come.
Poor Lords? dejected men! that fix on thee
Their heavy eyes, from whence the miſchief ſprang.
Cec. Not heavy eyes, not ſad, but chearful, clear;
Made ſuch by the reflexive light of heaven.
My Lords, you my dear Spouſe, and you his brother.
You have th'honour firſt t'inveſt your ſelves
Within the liſts, where I ſhould firſt have been,
Who firſt ſhew'd you the way: but y'have out-ſtript
Your Leader as leſſe worthy, who ſhall be
Happier to trace the manly ſteps you tread.
Val. Dear Spouſe and Miſtriſs (not in *Venus* Sc.oo!),
But that of Heaven) by you we firſt were taught
A leſſon which we now have got by heart:
That humane love is like a coal of fire,
Which lies on th' hearth; but by the mounting flame
A love divine is figur'd, which tranſcends.
Therefore ſalute you with a chaſt embrace.
Farewel dear Spouſe. *Embraces her.*
Cec. Death parts but for a while,
I'le haſten after; that as our bodies bed
In earth together, our ſouls may reunite.
Tib. May I be *Paranymph*, and lead the way,
Who though I laſt come hither of us two,
May by this birth precede.
Cec. O! force of love!
Or firſt, or laſt, ambitious in deſire
Of heaven, you happy twins ſhall meet again. ---
But *Lords* you ſuffer here, as *Kings* ſhall reign.
Alm. Away with 'hem to th' place of execution,
O! now they're coming back, and will recant.
Val. Madam!
Cec. My Lord!
Val. Dear Love adieu.
Cec. Dear Spouſe adieu.
Tib. We crave your prayers t' aſſiſt us in the way. *Exeunt* Val.
Cec. Bleſt be your night that brings eternal day. (*and* Tib.
Alm. Peace

Alm. Peace, Sorcereſſe, with thy enchaunting tongue.
Or ſmoke ſhall ſtop the paſſage of thy breath.
Fire ſhall conſume thee Witch; take her away; into her own dry bath.
Beſet her round with fagots, and diſſolve
To aſhes that polluted corps. Away with her.
Cec. Thus happy may I be, and loſe my breath,
Midſt flames of Love, and die a *Phœnix* death. *Exit with Officers.*
Al. Maximus.
Max. My Lord.
Alm. Go ſee them beheaded.
Max. I will, my Lord. *Exit Max.*
Alm. Diſpatch and bring me word.
Enter Marcus *and* Flavia *and kneel.*
Now my Lord *Marcus*, and my Lady there,
What is't you now petition on your knee?
Mar. O! Sorrow, till now, deny'd to give a vent
To my ſurcharged ſoul,
Alm. What is't you crave?
Mar. That th' execution of the law may be
Suſpended; our Daughter may be reclaim'd,
She's young.
Alm. No, no, you ſhould have had a care
In time: 'tis now too late, ſhe's ſo poyſon'd
Enter Maximus *looking up in the air, an Officer following.*
With Chriſtian ſuperſtition. Now *Maximus*
Are the two poppy heads cut from their ſtems?
Max. Dead th' are, and yet not dead, ſee where, ſee, ſee,
Th'are mounting in the air.
Alm. The fellow's mad.
Max. No, no, the glorious ſouls I ſee of that
Bleſt pair, *Valerian* and *Tiburtius*.
Alm. Imaginary Viſions in the air,
Or elſe the Twins *Pollux* and *Caſtor*, which
We call *Tyndarides*.
Max. No, 'bove the height of the rich ſpangled skies,
Two winged Wights, more bright than ſunny beams,
I ſee tranſporting of their fulgent ſouls. ----
Great is *Valerian* and *Tiburtius* God.
Alm. Yet more Witchcraft?
Max. No, the Gods are Devils,
Which have bewitch'd you with their fopperies.
Alm. Out upon the Villain! blaſphemous Renegade.

Enter

Enter an Officer,

Take him away to burn with the Enchauntreſſe,
If ſhe already be not burnt! *Exit* Maximus *with Officers.*

Headſman. Not burnt my Lord,
The flames at diſtance keep, and dare not touch
So much as that which doth her body veſt.

Alm. Yet more ſorcery! why? haſt thou not a ſword
To ſever head from ſhoulders?

Headſman. Yes my Lord,
Sharp as a razor.

Alm. Haſt a vigorous arm?

Headſm. And dextrous too, to ſlice as from the ſtalke,
A limber Daſie or a Daffadil, ----

Alm. Then come with me, I'le be ſpectator. *Exeunt Almach.*

Mar. Come *Flavia*, ſhall we not ſee our daughter? (*Attendants.*

Fla. Our Daughter murther'd? Can the loving Ewe
Behold her tender lamb ſnatch'd from her ſide,
And ſee it ſlaughter'd by the Butchers hand?
I cannot husband, be a cruel witneſs
Of the diſaſterous death of my dear lamb.

Mar. If flames could not conſume, why ſhould the ſword,
Be more injurious to an innocent?
Or if her God with a more powerful hand
Could curb the raging fire, why may not he
Contract the Nerves of that more cruel Butcher?
Or arm her Neck againſt the dint of Steel?

Enter Headſman *looking on his Sword.*

But ſee our hopes are vain: She's dead, ſhe's dead,
Behold his murthering Sword beſmear'd with blood.

Headſman. Hum! what prodigy is this? my Sword's not dull,
Nor was my arm bereav'd of wonted ſtrength,
Why then, while thrice I ſtruck, and thrice my ſword
Had paſſage as I thought 'twixt joynt and joynt;
Why fell not down her mown off-tottring head?
Like ice on cragged rock diſſolv'd by heat?

Enter Cecilie *lead by her ſervants.*

See here ſhe comes, what ſoder could ſhe have?
To cement what this ſword disjoynted thrice
Or this is Magick Art, or elſe ſhe has
An *Eſculapius* 'bove all power of Gods.

Mar. Lives ſtill our daughter, or by your ſupport
Is ſhe but held?

Fla. Breaths ſtill this virgin head,
Which has a languid, yet a ſweet aſpect?
Cec. Dear Parents yet I live, could you believe
The fabulous ſtory of your *Hercules*,
Who ſlic'd off *Hydra*'s heads, which grew again
In number moe, yet not believe your eyes,
VVhich ſee I live, or ears, which hear me ſpeak?
Mar. Still may'ſt thou live, whom now we living ſee.
Cec. Still would you have me live? Dos't not ſuffice
That bounteous heaven has granted me three dayes
At my more humble ſuit to intercede
For your Converſion?
Fla. Alas what are three dayes
To enjoy a Child?
Cec. This was the boon I begg'd,
That with your leave, this houſe may be transform'd,
And conſecrated to the power above,
To be a Church, where true believers may
Adore their Maker, and by frequent prayer
Appeaſe his wrath, by whoſe permiſſion now
Enter Angel, and ſtands by her.
Th'are perſecuted. --- Soft! what whiſpering voice
Is that which by prophetick ſpirit tells,
That this my body to be buried here,
Shall (when a thouſand and four hundred years
Are fully paſt and gone) be found entire.
Mar. I, Daughter, might we live till then and ſee it.
I then would be a Chriſtian.
Fla. So would I.
Cec. You would. Ah! Infidelity! when thou
Haſt long been foſtred in a darkſome breaſt,
How hard it is for light to be transfus'd;
Or heat of love into decrepit age?
Happy who young begin to live and love.
Dos't hear *Anguſta*?
Ang. Yes forſooth Madam.
Cec. Thou weep'ſt I ſee, there can no richer pearls
Adde luſtre to a virgins face, than tears
VVhich are diſtill'd for expiation of
A ſin-ſick ſoul. *Tiburtius* thou didſt love;

Valeaian was my Spouſe. They are gone before
T'eternal happineſs. I follow myne.
O! may'ſt thou emulate, ſucceed to thyne.
Palinodio.
Pal. Here Madam.
Cec. Thou'ſt been
But ſtaggering in thy Faith; ſuiting too much
With *Palinodie*, ready to recant,
When but a whipping menac'd to thy skin
A tranſitory pain.
Pal. 'Tis true, Madam,
I never lov'd ſuch tranſitory things,
Which by the world entic'd or threaten'd me.
Cec. Thou'ſt been my Gentleman-uſher.
Pal. Yes forſooth,
I have been ſo.
Cec. Henceforth ſhall be no more,
To uſher thee to Heaven, I go before.
Metricio.
Met. Here ſweet Madam.
Cec. Thou haſt been
My Poet to compoſe in ſacred Verſe
Spiritual Sonnets, ayres that ſuited beſt
With th'Organ, my delight at vacant hours.
Yet much adoe I had to curb that ſtrain
Of levity, thou hadſt, which too propenſe
To amorous Ditties, did profuſely vent
It ſelf (to pleaſe the humour of the time)
In vainer Raptures of Prophaning Love.
Deſiſt from this and in a pious way,
Thy ſtrayns ſhal raiſe dull thoughts to things on high.
Vertue's the ſoul of Verſe not Vanity.
Phantaſio! my Muſitian, where are you?
Phan. Here Madam, I.
Cec. Inſiſt not much on that.
That I, or ſelf-conceit, predominates
In thee too much. What is't to have a Voyce
To raiſe 'bove *Ela*, while the drooping ſoul
Below the baſe of abject things deſcends.
Thou tun'ſt mine Organ: Tune thy diſcordant mind:
Which too phantaſtick, too too vain, diſcurtes.

Mean be thy meaſure, elſe thy ſtrains are Slurres.
I want a ſervant yet: O there he ſtands;
'Tis he that ran deviſion beſt: 'Twas he
Which rounded, with a Crimſon twiſt of ſilk,
This neck with pretious Rubies once adorn'd.
But now more fulgent ſhines (with that he gave)
VVith all the ſplendours of Heaven's richer gemms.
Thanks for this favour Headſman. To forgive *Gives him Money*
VVere ſmall requital. Here; believe and live. *in a Purſe.*
Headſ. Fair goddeſs of the Earth. *Kneeling.*
Cec. Thou art deceiv'd.
Headſm. O! more than woman then.
Cec. That I deny.
Headſ. Then faireſt Virgin, this hard heart of ſtone
Y'have mollified. Vouchſafe to take this ſvvord.
Cec. Only to kiſs.
Headſ. And cut off his right hand,
VVhich has tranſgreſs'd.
Cec. O! do not tempt to ſin.
Headſ. Then I believe, there is a greater power
Of goodneſs in your ſoul, than all our gods.
Cec. From one it is deriv'd who raigns above:
Headſ. Him I confeſs; in him believe,——
Cec. And love.
O my dear Parents can you then, not love
That power immortal? not believe in him,
VVhom he adores with me, a true Believer?
Mar. } VVe do, we do, with thee, to live and die.
Fla. }
Cec. In Paradice in joy ſhall ever laſt:
Sound muſick then and let me ſing my laſt.

Sings.

Glorious Sun thy beams diſplay
To the dawning of this day.
That this payre who gave me being
May the light of truth be ſeeing.
Come dear Parents on each ſide,
Lead me now who am your guide,
That you may who gave me being *The Song ended,*
Live in bliſſe, which is by ſeeing. *horrid Muſick.*

Mar. What

Mar. What hideous noyſe: what winde is this?
Cec. That which never blows to good. Behold 'tis he
Who lurking in the Idol's is ador'd.

Enter Devils leading Saphricius, *with a Wreath of Serpents on his head*: Almachius *and Officers led in Chains*:

Leading a Renegade who has rejected
What you embrace: with him enchain'd the Judge
And Officers are led, his Vaſſals now. *Heavenly Muſick.*

Enter Angels and Bleſſed Spirits, Valerian, Tiburtius, Maximus, Nicephorus, *all with Crowns on their heads: the good goe out on the right hand, the bad on the left.*

Mar. My Childe what muſick's this?
Cec. As oppoſite
To what you heard, as is this glorious Wight
To that infernal monſter.
Mar. And what are theſe?
Cec. Thrice Happy ſouls, that of *Valerian*,
This *Tiburtius*: the third of *Maximus*,
VVhoſe candid Veſts with bloody tincture ſhine.
Laſtly that *Nicephorus*, who ſnatch'd a Crown
That was from Heaven deſcending on that head
VVhere now is ſeen a wreath of poyſoning ſerpents.
Come Parents follow theſe who lead the way
To endleſs happineſs: forſake that Night
And Fogg of Hell which never ſhall ſee light. *Exeunt omnes.*

Manent Attendentes Ceciliæ, *to ſpeak the* EPILOGUE.

Pal. Hum! ha! hum!
Phan. Palinodio what doſt mean to doe?
Pal. Uſher the Epilogue to th' Stage.
Phan. Thou might'ſt,
VVere it a Lady.
Pal. Such I'le prove it is.
For as a Lady is cry'd up for fair
By one, by another but indifferent,
And not ſo much by a third, but infinitely

Cry'd

Cry'd down; So are our Playes and Epilogues.
Metr. Yet a good Speaker i'th Concluſion,
(Which thou art not) may crye it up agen,
Therefore give way to me *Phantaſio.*
Pal. Yes, were the Prologue to be ſung, I would.
Met. Tuſh! how impertinent you are! am not I
The Poet?
Pha. What then? ſo was the Water-man,
Who puffing row'd his Prologue to the Stage
As he was wont to toyl 'gainſt tyde and winde.
Ang. Away, you all contend but to no purpoſe,
Was not the ſubject of our Play a Lady?
Whom then but Ladies do's it moſt concern?
Or whom, if not one of her ſex, doth it
Beſeem to ſpeak the Epilogue?
Pha. 'Tis true,
I grant for Ladies this ſutes well.
Ang. Then Poet
To men make your Addreſſes.
Met. I will, hum! ha! hum!

Ang. More manners Sir, Ladies muſt firſt be ſerv'd.
Ladies,
Anguſta, here (who would *Anguſta* ſhine
In Court like to your ſelves) loſt her deſign,
Yet ſtill ambitious to be happier now,
Courting the Female ſex, I need not bow
In a ſubmiſſive way; for that would bee
To wrong our Poet, who requeſted mee,
Only to tell you, cauſe you are cry'd down
As creatures of leſs merit, leſs renown)
To ſet before your eyes what your ſex can,
At leaſt as good if not excelling man.
As conſtant, firm, as reſolute in all;
As vertuous every way, now when you ſhall
Reflect upon the Maſter-piece you've ſeen,
(Applauding that) you needs muſt have within
A Candid breſt, (which fully ſhall requite
Our Authors labour) that we call delight,
VVhich uſhers Vertue unto higher ſtrayns,
You have his ſcope, to recompenſe his pains;

But

But emulate his Copy,---I'th mean while
It is enough t'obtain a Lady's ſmile.

Met. Gentlemen,
Sh' has ſaid enough, what then is left for me?
Onely t'entreat a quick Reflexion; ſee
And well obſerve each Ladies Eye and Look,
To ſympathize with them is but to brook
VVhat pleaſes them; —— Ladies example give
By clear Aſpects whether we die or live:
For we conclude,— ſo ſails our Ship to day,
By Ladies we are ſav'd, or caſt away.

FINIS.

But emulate his Copy,---I'th mean while
It is enough t'obtain a Lady's smile.

Mer. Gentlemen,
Sh' has said enough, what then is left for me?
Onely t'entreat a quick Reflexion; see
And well observe each Ladies Eye and Look,
To sympathize with them is but to brook
VVhat pleases them; —— Ladies example give
By clear Aspects whether we die or live:
For we conclude,—— so fails our Ship to day,
By Ladies we are sav'd, or cast away.

FINIS.

LONDON,

[illegible]nted for *William Cademan*, at the *Popes Head* in the Lower
Walk in the *New Exchange*, 16[illegible]

So far from the matter : for love-ſick wantons,
Are as impertinent, as they, who lie,
Perplext in burning feavers ---- Love's a phrenſie,
As I remember forty years ago.

Mar. Twenty wife, th' art not ſo old.

Flav. When one diſtracted was demanded whether
He were a married man : No, no, (ſaid he)
I am not yet ſo mad.

Mar. Ha! ha! my Lord :
My Wife has brought you now within the compaſſe
Of ——

Fla. Madmen! 'Tis even ſo by *Juno*.
And after this a longing comes in breeders,
And what is this but a phantaſtick madneſſe?
Ha! ha! Waſt not a pretty longing think you :
(*Fulvius Torquatus* being Conſul) when
The Knights of *Mauritania*, brought to *Rome*
A ſavage man, who *Polyphemus*-like,
Had but one eye : *Torquatus* Lady, then
Being with Child, and hearing of this Monſter,
Long'd ; infinitely deſir'd to ſee him,
As he paſt by her door ; but none it ſeems
Would bring him in : and out ſhe would not go
In th' abſence of her husband. What pity!
She loſt her longing, next her life. But then
You know my Lord what did enſue. The Senate
The Grave Senate decreed that Roman Ladies
Should not fail, but every one ſhould have
Her longing.

Mar. Some come ſhort of that *Flavia*.

Fla. The more's the pity.

Mar. Elſe they would not live
Sequeſtred as they do.

Fla. Are you ſo waggiſh ſtill?
But you (my Lord) you have a longing too, ---- *To Val.*
Not to ſee a one-eyed man, *Monoculus*,
But a fair Lady, though I ſay't that ſhould not.

Val. That indeed Madam, is my more humble ſuit.
And infinite deſire.

Mar. That *Cis* may have her longing, ha! ha!

Fla. Why *Cecilia* where are you? *Palinodio*?
No body there to wait? *Anguſtula*,

Enter

Enter Augustula.

You too so narrow ear'd, you cannot hear?

Ang. Madam your pleasure.

Fla. That your Lady Mistris
Come hither in a trice, instantly approach.

Ang. Approach Madam, she's in her Oratory.

Fla. I, she flows in her Oratory; but
Let her leave that Eloquence, and tell me,
In plain terms expound what means
Our *Terence*: *Accede ad hanc ignem,*
—— *ut Calefias magis.*

Ang. That Madam,
I can *enucleat*: Come to this female fire
That thou mayst be enflamed; Lord *Tiburtius*
I was about to say.

Enter Cecily.

Mar. But see (my Daughter)
For that intent ——

Ha. Must come to you, my Lord *Valerian.*

Val. I long to have that happiness.

Mar. Is she not yet come? Oh she's here.

Ang. Come Madam since there is no remedy,
Set a good face on't; that I am sure you have; ——
VVhy do you veyl it then? you are not *Nupta*,
Till then like other Ladies make the best
Of what you have: Beauty and Truth are two
That seek no Covert: Needs will come to light.

Cec. Madam what is your Ladyships pleasure?

Fla. A thing of nothing, only spell *Roma* backward.

Cec. 'Tis *Amor* Madam.

Flav. True; 'tis Love my Girle.
Be as well vers'd 'ith Deed, as in the Word,
And by thy Love, this Lord shall be enrich'd.
But what is *Amor* passive?

Cec. I am lov'd a proper man well qualified

Val. Here, by your servant, Lady.

Tib. I might have sayd
As much: but younger brothers must be curb'd.

Mar. So, to her, to her, my Lord. She ſhall be yours
Come Sweet-heart, we'le ſit and [illegible]
The lovely Courtſhips, of our younger years.

Val. Ladies, your Parents have left you to your choice.

Cec. Then, I chooſe heaven.

Val. Myne, is your ſelf on earth,
Or were I 'bove the ſpangled Arch with you,
I'de rival *Jove* himſelf in point of Love.

Cec. In point of Love, [illegible]
Beauty and goodneſs ——

Val. VVhich I admire in you.

Cec. Are the ſole Objects of a chaſter Love.
Goodneſs is courted by the Appetite,
As beauty ſhould be by the underſtanding;
On which two ſenſes properly intend,
To hear, and ſee.

Val. Witneſſe theſe happy ears,
Charm'd by your Muſick; and theſe happy eyes,
Which gaze on th'object of their wiſhed bliſs.

Cec. But fair and good affect a Monarchy,
Eſtabliſh'd by the will, ſole Sovereign,
To ſway within, the Macrocoſm of Man,
To which the faculties, of ſoul, and body,
As motions, habits, actions, paſſions, are
Subordinate: yea, and concupiſcence
(Though a rebellious Vaſſal to the will)
May be ſubjected. —— Now of fair and good;
Be that you ſeek, it totally conſiſts,
In unity of eſſence; whence deriv'd
Are all the Fairs, and goodneſs you behold,
Which ſcatter'd here, and there, in ſeveral Creatures,
Are but dependants on the ſovereign good.
To reach to this, within the higheſt Region
Of the Soul, a love divine reſiding,
Dos offer ſacrifice of awfull Prayer,
And Holocauſtes to the Divinity.

Fla. Tittle tattle! what's all this to the purpoſe?
Venus is fair, and *Jupiter* is good.

Mar. My Lord, a proper man well qualified.

Flav. I, Daughter, and all our hope of Offspring
Muſt be in thee and good *Lucina's* aid.

Mar. And, my Lord *Valerius*, [illegible]

Val. I am by th' stream dismiss'd to seek the source,
Cast off to search, a fairer, then her self.
Ah! if such goodness, as resides in her,
Dos but participate of that supreme,
And onely good, to that I must aspire.

Tib. had I but such a spark from the immense
She speaks of, my ambition no're would seek,
A greater fire t'enflame.

Val. No more would I.

Cec. Nor you, nor you; what earthly souls you bear
Within your brests! confin'd to carnal lust:
Heaven is my choice, while here you court but dust. *Exit.*

Mar. Hi 'da! here's a wooing with a witness!
My Lord, the foolish Girle, is not yet capable,
Of th' happiness which is atchiev'd by Love:
This was your fault that never would infuse,
Those sweeter drops, distill'd from *Venus* rose.

Fla. VVhy Sir, who would have thought one of her years,
Being now sixteen and upward, could be so backward,
In learning that of Love, which in their Nonage

Enter Angusta.

Of teens others attain unto? why *Angustula*
VVhere's your Lady?

Ang. Gone to her Closet, Madam.
So very sad and pensive that it grieves me
That she may have her choice of two, and I of neither. *Ashi.*

Mar. My Lord y'are welcom, this may now suffice
At the first push of Pike: let her retreat,
She shall come on again.

Fla. I, and at next encounter.
Daign smile for smile, and with a lovely glance
As boldly in the shock of Love advance.

Val. So shall you ever oblige your servant.

Tib. And mee.

Mar. Had I another Daughter, she should be yours.

Tib. Unhappy wooer that has but verbal Cures.

Mar. *Angustula*! come thou diminutive wagg.

Ang. Sir.

Mar. Call *Palinodio*.

Ang. My Lord, he's here.

Pal. T'expect your Lordships pleasure.

Mar. Sweet heart! I have a device, 'tis mine own,
The plot's layd.

Fla. If a Project 'twill never thrive
As we daily see in our projectors.

Mar. This Gentleman-Usher shall act *Valerius*,
And this witty well vers'd wanton, her mayd
Shall personate our daughter to make an
Introduction or Preamble to the grand Volume
Of Love, and teach her the rule of *Ferabe dun jerning*.

Pal. VVho an't please you shall begin, for I am
Somewhat bashfull.

Mar. The woman must always
Have the last word: though then shall have the first
But first call my daughter.

Enter Cecilie.

Come Daughter, sit by me, and be attentive.

Pal. Fair *Cecilie*, from whence should I derive
Your Name *Cecilie*, but from that richer *Sicilie*,
An Island famous; *Ceres* darling, *Italie*,
Delight, Relief, and Granary: whose every
Luxurious Crop prevents from hungry Death,
A thousand famishing for want of Grain.
Ah! then will you so fair and rich a Soyl,
So fertiliz'd with a more beauteous Crop,
Permit your servant, languish in your love?

Mar. Hearken to this Daughter.

Ang. Ah good my Lord shall I be th' Island *Sicilie*
Environ'd with the sea, not married with
The neighbouring shoar? you teach me then a part
To live, a Virgin, which is my desire.

Aside.

As my Lady I spake it.

Pal. But how will you, be fruitfull then, sweet Lady?

Flav. Well said, now thou com'st to drive it home.

Pal. How like that fertile Ile? or how shall I
But reap one crop of favours to content
Beyond desert, your servant, who protests
He's at a non-plus----- ah! fair would you daign
To sowe within my heart one hopefull grain.

Ang. Of Mustard-seed my Lord?

Pal. Which mounting high,
We both reciprocal, shall multiply.
Mar. I, keep her to that my Lord *Valerian.*
Ang. Now ile be more serious, for my Lady else will be angry.
A Virgins thoughts that spring from a chast soul,
Are such a crop as fertile *Sicily*
Cannot produce: whose every blade, I give
To slise in two a thousand amorous darts,
With which blind *Cupid* wounds but the impure.
Each knob, upon the stalk, a stop to vice,
Each ear of corn that riseth from her heart,
More highly priz'd than all your belly grain.
Fla. I, now she comes near the matter in hand.
Ang. Each petty husk, a closet in her breast,
Presents a Viand on a Plate of gold,
To him whose love she vows to live and dy.
Pal. But then where's the increase? to multiply
Fair Lady is what Nature has ordain'd.
Ang. The Chrystal cup's more pure that's never stain'd.
Pal. How should we live, if ne're were till'd the Earth?
Ang. She was a Virgin first, and by chast birth,
First fruits were grown e're sown, such shall be mine.
Pal. Tush these are words, Lady you must be mine.
I vow you must, else I shall pine and die.
Ang. Yes, so most Lovers fain, and swear, and lie.
Pal. Yet, I am content to live and love withal;
You have an Organ and a Virginal.
Ang. On which I'le play for solace of my mind.
Pal. Oh that I (happy) might like favour find.
Mar. Now daughter, how like you this? she frowns.
Come wife leave her to ruminate a while.
Fla. *Angusta* attend on me.
Mar. *Palinodio.*
Pal. Here my Lord.
Mar. Come away.
Pal. Nor Lord, nor now *Valerian*, I must say, *Exeunt.*
Madam, I was not serious; did but play.—— *manet Cecilia.*
Cec. Thus am I taught to be a Pagan's love;
A Child to Parents who adore the Gods.
O *Rome*! thy Gods obscene, would have me such.
Not live as I have vow'd to him above,
Who has assign'd a Guardian to protect me.

Maugre

Maugre the malice of th' infernal fiend,
And all his fordid Vassals, still shall bring
My pure white Lilly, to my Sovereign King! *Exeat.*

Act. II. Scene I.

Enter Palinodio *with money and victuals in a basket.*

Pal. NOw my good genius direct me, and my better Lady *Cecilie* defend me, who sends me this night, to seek in *Via Appia*, for a certain Cave or Grot, where lies hidden a holy man call'd *Urban*, and many Christians with him, in this heavy persecution. Now there are so many spies that lie in wait; that I have a fearful apprehension, I shall be apprehended, and carried before that cruel Judge *Turcius Almachius*. To prevent the worst, I could find in my heart, to feed here of the best, and keep this purse of money, for my private expences. O! but here's one within, call'd Conscience, that tells me then, I am a wicked villain. Ha! let me see what hill have I before me. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, 'tis the Temple dedicated *Deo Risui*, to the God of Laughter. Ha, ha, ha, I cannot but laugh at the conceit. Even here lay *Hannibal* and besieg'd the City, after he had slain forty thousand brave Romans in the battel at *Cannæ*. Here I say he lay till on the sudden; there was such laughing, and gigling round about his Army, that laugh'd quite out of countenance, the courageous *Hannibal*, rais'd his siege, remov'd into *Campania*. Ha, ha, ha, this way is so full of briars and bushes! some body may lie skulking here. † Oh! I yield, I yield, I yield. The Officer has got my Cloak. Oh! how my heart goes a pit a pat, nine mile an hour: If he would now be scar'd away like *Hannibal*, I would make a shift to strain a laugh. Ha, ha, ha, now I see the thief, a bramble bush, laid hold of my Cloak. Ha, ha, ha, how I should be laugh'd at now, if this were known? but now, now, now, I hear some body at my heels. Oh! sure I look pale enough now to be taken for a Ghost. Ah! what am I now like, if not like a puny Serjeant, when he first handles his Mace, and cries I arrest you, while he himself is fleeting and fluttering backward, most shamefully discovering the defect in his retentive power. Or I am like a Cut-purse (a young Practicioner) that seeing a purse hanging by a woman's side (as he fears he

† *Enter* Phantasio, *and lays hold on* Palinodio's *Cloak.*

he may on the Gallowes:) thus with a trembling palsie ſtands in a quandary. *Stands trembling.*

Pha. Who goes there?

Pal. No body for I ſtand.

Pha. Who ſtands there?

Pal. No body, for I kneel.

Pha. Who kneels there?

Pal. No body, for I crawle.

Pha. Then who crawles there?

Pal. No body, for I thus —— *Lies on his back with his heels upwards,*

Pha. Oh! now I ſee 'tis but ſome old forked ſtub of *ſtradling.* a tree, and here's the twiſt, which puts me in mind of that robuſtious *Milo*, who coming thus to the twin-like body of a tree, by main force rent them in two; when Pha. *ſtretches out his legs,* ſuddenly he falling in, they thus clap *and claps them hard together* - and clos'd together.

Pal. O! O!

Pha. So *Milo* was ſlain,

Pal. O my heels, my heels, O!

Pha. Whom have we here *Palinodia* topſie turvy? Not yet deliver'd the preſent to the reverent Biſhop *Urban*? My Lady fearing as much, ſent me after you.

Pal. Would you had gone before, for me.

Pha. So I will: Come here's the Grotte. Thrice with a gentle ſtamp but give the ſign, And to this darkſome Cave ſhall way be made. *They ſtamp.*

Urban aſcends.

Urb. Who's there? if friends y'are welcome: ſo muſt be Our enemies, who by heavens permiſſion, Are but the Inſtruments to cut, and hew, And ſquare us in this Quarry; we may lie Fit for the Structure of Heavens Edifice.

Pha. May it pleaſe your reverence, my Lady *Cecilie* Preſents you with theſe viands, and a purſe Of an hundred Ducats for your ſelf and yours. Hopes to be conſtant in her Faith and Vow, If you to heaven for her vouchſafe to pray; Which humbly ſhe deſires.

Urb. We are oblig'd To do no leſſe. Her charitable hand May never ſee corruption: nor that pure And ſanctified veſſel, where a treaſure,

[Her soul] is habitant midst chast desires.
Farewel, heaven grant you may as safe return. *Descends.*

Phan. Come *Palinodio* now you'l lead the way.

Pal. I, I fear nothing, now I have a companion.

Enter Maximus *and Officers.*

Max. Look round, beset the wayes, there, there they go. *Phantasio slips away.*

Pal. Oh let me come behind that I may not see him.

1. *Off.* I see but one.

Max. Lay hold, and apprehend him. Palin. *feigns himself sick.*

2. *Off.* I have him, but cannot hold him up.

1. *Off.* Alas! he's in a swoon, fetch him again, he's gone.

2. *Off.* That I will, were he gone farther than he is. *Box in the ear.*

Pal. Ay me! what are you my Masters?

1. *Off.* Villain what art thou? Art a Christian?

Pal. No Villain, Christian I.

2. *Off.* What art then?
What's thy Name?

Pal. *Palinodio*, to cant and recant,
Say and vnsay. I am (as many are now adayes)
A *Nullifidian*; have a conscience of *Chiverel*,
And am content to say any thing for a quiet life.

Max. Betray thy fellow Christians, or so.

Pal. Or so, or so, ha, ha, ha, ha; yet I cannot but laugh
To think, how *Hannibal*, here in *Via Appia*, was laugh'd
Out of countenance. Ha, ha, ha, methinks I should as well
Outlaugh these Officers, out of their little wits, for countenance
They have none to be laugh'd out of; ha, ha, ha.

2. *Off.* The fellow's mad.

Palin. Now I sacrifice to the God of Laughter. *Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

Enter Almachius *with Attendants.*

Alm. Live we not still in *Rome*? Or is not *Rome*
The eye of Justice, splendor of the World?
Shall then blind Superstition intrude?
T'obscure the lustre of our Deities?
Shall that base abject scum, and dregs of th' earth
Float on the surface of our Chrystal stream?

Christians

Christians I mean, who first in *Nero's* time
Were by the flames which burnt our palaces
Discover'd, and convinc'd to be
The *Flambeaux*, and th' Incendiaries;
Because they could not vindicate themselves
Against our powerful Gods, for which their horrid
And enormous crime, their *Corypheus*
Was on a Gibbet topsie turvy hung,
While his companion (cause in a City born
That was enfranchiz'd) had Roman-like the honour
To have his head struck from his shoulders. These,
These were the traiterous pair who hither came
To sow the Cockle of Sedition; which
As yet could nere be rooted out. O *Romans!*
Are you not *Romans* still? have you not conquer'd
The vaster Regions of th' Universe?
Yet suffer Pismires, Pedants, Boyes and Gulls,
T' apostatize, scorn, and defie our Gods?
Have you not Tortures? Manacles, and Racks?
Have you not Fire and Sword, and Ravenous Beasts
To tear the Intrails of this cursed brood?
Slice off these *Hydra's* still increasing heads,
And sindge with flames of fire, like *Hercules*
Our Emperour commands, shew your *Devoir*,
Our Gods command, shew then your *Roman* Zeal.
Their *Flamins*, Sacred Priests, cry shame of you,
That suffer such abortive Impes to scorn
Their Altars. *Jove* himself though patient long,
Begins to take his Thunderbolts in hand
To be reveng'd on you; which to prevent
Be vigilant: suppress this creeping *Cancer*. Be
But *Romans*, and you are what you should be.

Enter Maximus, Saprinius, *and* Palinodio.

Maximus? Welcome. Thy Name superlative
Speaks what thou art. Say then, hast thou discovered
Those lurking Squadrons? forc'd them from their Cavernes,
Where in the night, conscious of foulest crimes,
They with their superstitious rites, and foppeties
Exasperate our Gods 'gainst us, who suffers
Such sacrilegious persons; (rather vipers)

T'escape unpunish'd: Vipers, which in their Birth,
(Pernicious) bring destruction to their Dams. ——
So they to the Republick. Speak *Maximus*,
And if thy service shall deserve reward,
The Gods, and we next to the Emperour,
Shall guerdon thine endeavours.

Max. My Lord, I with my souldiers (ere the morn
Had banisht sable night) as private as we could,
Went to surprize such irreligious persons
As are offensive to the state? yet 'twas our
Our fortune but to light on two. A pair
Unparallell'd: one for a sturdy Knave,
Th'other a fool, or if a rational man;
'Twas then a guilty Conscience, with sad fear,
Which did transport his brains beyond himself.

Alm. Sirrah! why Sirrah! Speak'st not when I
But Sirrah thee? was not this blast enough
To make thee utter with a faltering tongue,
A more submissive and obsequious plea,
To beg a pardon for thy foul delict.

Sap. The toad is swelling, and begins to belch
The gall and venome of his poyson'd breast.

Alm. Sirrah? I have a Rack.

Sap. And I have limbs.

Alm. I have a Torture.

Sap. I patience to endure.

Alm. But I have scorching flames.

Sap. Then let them burn.

Alm. Thou shalt by morsels die: but piece by piece.

Sap. All's one to me: at last I can but die.

Alm. Yes, die a thousand times and live again.
Or, if thou wilt, do but adore the Gods:
But sacrifice to them, and thou art quit.

Sap. Or die, or quit? A play at fast and loose,
I scorn to live by adoring of thy Gods,
Fear not to die, but dare in spight of them,
Yield this to fire or sword, or beast, or flame,
To raise a Trophy to th' Immortal Power.

Max. I told you my Lord, he was a sturdy Knave.

Alm. A *Bragadocbio* this, a *Fanfarone*:
Swells like a bubble, will the sooner break.
Take him aside. Nor Sirrah what are you?

Palin. He's a wiseman (my Lord) that knows what he is.
Alm. Sirrah are you a servant of *Jupiters*?
Pal. Jupiter would never entertain me
Into his service, yet my ambition was
To have been a follower of his. Ha, ha, ha,
But his Queen *Juno* said I had not wit
And craft enough to be a Courtier, ha, ha, ha.
But *Venus* she's a beautiful Lady:
I have plaid at span-counter with her boy
Cupid. But he was blind, and so I burst
His Bow and Arrows; since when I never was in love.
Alm. Sirrah, will you sacrifice to the Gods?
Pal. And Goddesses too, tagg and ragg, to *Smug*,
Vulcan the Blacksmith, and *Priapus* too,
With his fie for shame, to scare away the birds
That come to eat the Cherries and Mulberries, ha, ha, ha.
Alm. Maximus, what sot have you brought me hither?
Max. My Lord he's servant to a Roman Lady.
And cause a fool he's fitter to be examin'd.
Alm. In matter of nonsense. Let him be well whipt,
Or else discover what he is, and where
His Lady dwells.
Pal. Ha, ha, ha, my Lady?
She's fairer than your Goddess *Venus*, ile stand to't.
Max. At a Pillar thou shalt stand and be well whipt.
Pal. Well then, every thing that's well, is not amiss.
Farewel my Lord, I will not say I kiss
Your Lordships hands: for then (if with the lip)
There were more rime, than reason in the whip.
Ha, ha, ha.
Alm. Sirrah I'le have you whipt
Out of this laughing humour.
Pal. Bacchus your God
To this invites. Let me drink wine, and quaffe pure,
And sacrifice unto the God of Laugh--ture, ha, ha.
Alm. Away with them: Justice seems in disgrace,
Until she come to have her time and place. *Exeunt.*

Scene 3.

Scene 3.

Enter Valerian *and* Angustia.

Ang. My Lord *Valerian* y' are welcome, as I may say.
And what I say I doubt not to make good. ——
I have in your behalf solicited
So far my Lady, so urgently, that now
In our discourse the onely subject, Love,
Is entertain'd: Books, Prayers, are laid aside.
But now and then she vents a sigh (good Lady!)
So careful of my good. And why (says she)
May'st thou not have like fortune? There's *Tiburtius*
My Lord *Valerian*'s brother, methinks he might
Affect thee; as deserving as my self,
Thy features are as good, thy favour such,
As pleasing every lineament; thy Beauty
Exceeding mine, at which (my Lord) I blusht,
When parallell'd with such a Paragon.
And with deep sighs could hardly evaporate,
That then intrusive love, which (I unworthy)
Fain would, but durst not entertain. Yet then
As I reflected on our *Latin frater*,
(As much to say, as *fere alter*: almost
The same, or else another such) I thought
If one to th' other be so near in blood,
And constitution, yea and sympathy,
Propense to love the same (as I am sure)
Tiburtius do's my Lady) since they cannot
Both share in one; may not my Lord *Tiburtius*
Reflect his eye on me, so near and dear
Unto her Ladiship? but then again
I check'd my too presumptuous thoughts, and vow'd,
Howsoe're I were neglected in this kind,
My service should not be extenuated
In all good offices towards your Lordship
That may deserve your favour, though not his love.

Val. Thou'st said enough; and 'cause he rivals me,
Thus to divert the torrent of his love: ——

Ang. I think 'twere policy (my Lord) to turn
The Current this way.

Val. Right,

Val. Right, I like it well.
Nor wants thy Love a base to build upon.
For 'tis not long since thus I heard him speak,
That in his eye thou wert not contemptible.
Ang. No more but so:
Val. And though thou wert not a
Lady he could make thee one.
Ang. That's somewhat indeed,
But what more my good Lord I beseech you?
Val. Nay there he fixt a period to his speech.
Ang. And ended with Lady. Noble *Tiburtius*?
Made a full point at Lady; as if he had
Then pointed at *Angusta* to make *Angusta*.
Why should not we fair ones stand on our points?
That Beauty may be Zenith point above:
And *Nadir* (portion) to be trampled on)
The point beneath. But you my Lord have all;
Beauty and wealth, and vertue to be priz'd,
In her who now cannot be seen.
Val. Not seen?
Ang. No more than *Cynthia* with her silver Creſt
Which (modeſt) sometimes veyls her beauteous face.
Yet were my Lord *Tiburtius* here.

Enter Tiburtius.

Val. See, here he comes,
Ang. But not with such a sparkling eye
Nor half so quick as yours my Lord, ay me!
Tib. Now Fair *Angusta* sigh and I so nigh?
Thou may'st be Lady yet before thou dy'st.
Ang. Lady! as he ended so he begins.
Indeed my Lord, 'tis more to make one such.
Tib. As thou art?
Ang. No my Lord, rather as I
Would be.
Tib. She's in good earnest.
Ang. Earnest my Lord?
Yes, and you may give me earnest, that your love
Shall make me such. You'l love my Lady too;
You will? O the ambition of a younger
Brother! And you my Lord, you can dissemble,

Tell

Tell me your brother said that he could make
Me a Lady?

Val. But that he would, I did not say.

Ang. There's yours, you may be gone, here lies my way. *Exit.*

Val. So here's a flirt: such as are now adayes,
That must be fed with Gold: and not content
With that, must have a husband too, with a
Mischief. Ah! that a Lady's love should be
Thus pandar'd by a Gypsie, 'tis too true
What her fair Lady spake 'twixt wo and woe
There's but small difference.

Tib. My Lord let's go.

Val. And leave this trifling suit, 'turns woo, to wo. *Exit.*

Enter Angusta *and calls* Tiburtius *behinde as he goes out.*

Ang. My Lord, a word.

Tib. What say'st?

Ang. Could you think me
So immodest as to Court you thus?

Tib. Not I.

Ang. No! 'twas your brothers plot, his policy,
That like a Loadstone by attractive power,
I might draw back your love from my good Lady,
(Who's in affection yours) that only he
Might have free passage to enjoy her love.
Should I be thus magnetique, I were base.
I am wholly yours: My service wholly bent,
That you may gain this pretious Gemme, not he.

Tib. Art serious?

Ang. Else were most unworthy.

Tib. Take this. *Gives her Money.*
A Trifle for the present, shalt have more.

Ang. Your Brother may suspect.

Tib. I, I'le away. *Exit.*

Ang. Adieu most worthy Lord. Ha! ha! thus Love
Is often now adayes dear bought and sold.——I
If not himself, at least I have his gold. *Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Nicephorus Solus.

Nic. MY troubled thoughts perplex, while Conſcience here
Upbraids me with diſſimulation,
To my dear friend *Saphricius*; whom I long,
With pity have obſerv'd, to entertain
Too much of complacence; or which is worſe,
Vain glory to adde a luſtre to his actions,
Which dos diminiſh, not augment their worth.
For though Heaven daigns to promiſe due reward,
Yet he, reſerves the honour to himſelf;
Which, while my friend uſurps, and I connive,
Yea, not ſo much, as intimate a crime,
I am no faithfull friend; which I have ſworn
To be till death.—— ah! diſſimulation!
Thou ſhouldſt not be a Vice, ſince nor a King,
Can reign without thee, nor a boſom friend,
Preſerve intire that ſacred Amity,
Which I unhappily (I fear) may violate——
No, my *Saphricius*, is ſo nobly good,
He'le rather render thanks, than deem me harſh,
Chide, cauſe I've been too backward in advice.----
A friend in Counſel, muſt not be too nice.
See here he comes.

Sap. My dear *Nicephorus*, y'are happily encounter'd.

Nic. My beſt and only friend *Saphricius*!
Methinks our daily interviews and kinde
Embraces do enſoul each others breſt.

Sap. Abſent from you
Methought my heart had but the moity
Of life: was but a Cipher, till the digit
(Your heart conjoyn'd) ſummes up my happineſſe.——
That *Stoick* was miſtaken who avouch'd
A hearty, true, faithfull, and loyal friend
Long ſought, is ſeldom found, and hardly kept;
Whereas our friendſhip has from younger years,
Been ever pregnant, like a forward Spring,
As laſting as the Plant *Live-ever*: My Deareſt
Niſus.

Nic. My

Nic. My *Euryalus*!
Sap. My faithfull *Achates*.
Nic. My ſelf.
Sap. Selfly the ſame, I live in thee,
But ſhould we die (for now *Almachius* vows
The death of Chriſtians) may our twin-like ſouls
Be joyntly breath'd to mount to equal bliſs.
Nic. A happy period to our friendſhip, when
Chang'd, 'tis ſtill a more tranſcendent Love.
Sap. True, but tell me my *Nicephorus*,
Did I not yeſterday confute the Pagan
With whom I diſputed; kill'd him dead with
A Syllogyſme: Lodg'd him in *Bocardo*
And then you heard, how the miſcreant (enrag'd)
Threaten'd to complain to *Almachius*:
Menac'd tortures, and death. At this (tell me)
Did I ſo much as ſympathize with terrour?
Nay did you not obſerve a chearfull look,
Like that of morn that uſhers a fair day?
Was it not ſo *Nicephorus*?
Nic. Moſt true it was,
But. ——
Sap. But? why Sir bring you the But
And then I'le fix the white i'th midſt; as much of
Candour as a friend can bring. But? and then ſilent?
Oh! your too cautious (friend) pray uſe a freedom
And that impartially.
Nic. Nay, I but gently whiſper
(My dear *Saphricius*) what I have obſerv'd.
Sap. As freely vent it forth, as ſharply too,
As when rough *Boreas* bluſters in the Ayre.
Nic. Why then --- but you'l be angry, will you not?
Should I but tell you.
Sap. What is't I dare not hear?
What Obloquy can blaſt mine innocence?
Nic. Nay, 'tis but a *Peccadilla*,
Not ſo much as a defect, or omiſſion; rather
A ſupererrogation which I many times have noted
When the fact ſpake of it ſelf, to blazon it the more
(Like to a curious Limner) you heighten'd it;
Extoll'd and magnifi'd the work, yet in
An humble ſeeming way; which ſome too raſh

Would

VVould judge to be vain-glory.

Sap. So, so, you mince it.

Nic. Nay good *Saphronius* wrinckle not your brow,
I may mistake.

Sap. Then I will tell you Sir,
'Twas a reflexive lustre from my actions
VVhose brighter coruscation was too fierce
For such weak eyes to gaze on.

Nic. Pray be not angry.

Sap. No, must let your pride
And sawcy Arrogance curb what is generous.

Nic. Nay dear *Saphronius*, be not so incens'd.

Sap. Hence Sycophant.

Nic. Steep not your tongue in gall.

Sap. Drench it absynth, I—spurn at my Actions?

Nic. But like the loving Mare which oft we see
Spares not to kick her young and tender foal,
Yet hurts it not. I was as wary not to give offence.

Sap. Away, thy friendship is a meer Imposture,
Now Experience tells a friend is hardly found.

Nic. More hardly kept, since you are fleeting thus
But for a word.

Sap. A word? a tempest rather, such a blast
As has for ever shatter'd that goodly Vessel
Your friend-ship, Sir; a Ship wherein I sayl'd
Secure these twenty years: but now I finde
The Pilot treacherous, and his Sea-starre
But propet interest: then let it split;
For ever suffer wreck: And this bent brow
Contract eternal frowns. *Exit.*

Nic. Ah! was it not
A fault in me, that did not heretofore
In th'Infancy of friendship make that known
VVhich now habitual is a second Nature.
But then I fear'd to lose him in the Nonage
Of Amity: more solid now I thought
It could not but subsist immoveable
Yet, I hope I shall recover him, if not,
With that stern *Stoick* I will not contend
That said, 'tis hard to finde and keep a Friend. *Exit.*

ACT III. Scene I.

Enter Phantaſio *and* Metricio, *with Songs.*

Phan. METricio, Come to the Barre.
Met. Call at the Barre
Thou wouldſt ſay for a quart of richer Wine.
Pha. No, come to the Barre, I ſay, I muſt artaign thee
For Theft and Burglary. Theft in a high degree,
Cauſe in thy Poems thou haſt enrich'd thy Verſe
With others labours. Burglary, becauſe
Th' haſt violently broken, into the Magazines
Of *Apollo*, ranſack't, and rob'd, and tane away,
Invito Domino, hos ego verſiculos.
Met. Why good my Lord *Phantaſie*, ſay 'twere ſo,
Nil dictum quod non dictum prius.
Pha. Nay there
Y' are in an errour too: th' Orator ſays
Dixi, the Poet *Cecini*, th' one ſays
At th'end of his Oration, *I have ſaid*;
Th' other *I have ſung*; at th' end of his Poem;
I will not therefore ask what thou canſt ſay
For thy ſelf (Poet) but, what canſt thou ſing?
Met. Then what I ſpeak (my Lord) muſt be in rhime.
Phan. Not ſpeak, but ſing, I ſay, and i'le keep time.

Song.

Met. *Then fraught with* Crotchets *and with* Quavers,
'Tis for you we are ſuch ſhavers.
If by theft we break the Law,
'Tis for your Sol, Fa, Mi, La;
That you may have, for your Notes,
Songs, to fill your warbling Throats.
What were elſe all that you ſing,
But a Sol, Fa, *ſenſe-leſs thing?*
What Chromatiques, *what were* Brawles?
What your Ditones, Intervals?
And if all your Songs were gone,
What were Diateſſaron?

Diatonicks

Diatonicks *would not pleaſe.*
What were all your Syncopes?
What your Meſons, Hypatons?
Or your Hyperboleons?
What your Nothi (*baſtards*) *ha!*
You beget in Fa, Sol, Fa?
Moods not apt for Diapente,
Yet Fa mi *ſometimes has twenty.*

Phan. Here Poet, here's for thy pains.— Nothing. ha! ha!
Ut re mi nil donas but *Fa*, there is wit,
And I am thy *Sole* Friend, *La* then we be quit.
But come hither in good earneſt, *Metricio.*
The laſt Sonnet here, which I have ſet to'th Organ
Pleaſes me well, but will not ſo my Lord *Marcus.*
'Tis too ſerious.

Met. Such only my Lady deſires
Otherwiſe thou know'ſt my humour is
For light Ayres, and pleaſant *Madrigales.*
But ſhe'l have none but grave and ſubſtantiall.
A Poet according to the Greek *Etymon*
Is a Maker, and ſo as in the Court,
There be ſome Creatures made, ſolid, and ſerviceable;
Others legier and ayrie; ſo are made by us
Poems, and Sonnets.

Pha. But here too, you entrench
Upon the Muſitian.

Met. I, when 'tis for my purpoſe
A Poet has his Song and his Large ſometimes,
With a prolix and tedious Preamble.
Sic coſtam longo ſubduximus Apenino.
Another has his *Brief* in a *Sonnet*,
And a *Semi-brief* in an Epigram
When it ends acutely. But will my Lady
Sing that my Sonnet next?

Pha. She will: but his Lordſhip
Muſt not hear, nor ſee it: he's all for light Ayres,
Amorous Ditties that his Daughter may
Reſolve to marry the young Lord *Valerian.*

Pha. Let me ſee, *Mount, mount, my ſoul.*

Met. Nay *Phantaſio* let me read and grace
My own, you in *Prick-ſong*, I better vers'd

Phan. *ſnatches the Verſes, and attempts to read.*

In

In *Coma's, Colons, Semi-briefs, Periods, &c. as we Reads.*

Mount, mount my ſoul, mount with a higher ſtrain
From this ſad vale, where pleaſure mixt with pain,
Can have no Alt. Heaven is my dwelling place,
And earth below's for mourning, is the baſe.
I live to love, but not to match with grief,
A Long, a Large, I rather chooſe a Brief,
Vain Love! ſhort life! oh Heaven new ſet my Song,
Change but one Note, a Brief *into a* Long.

Pha. But if my Lord hear this!

Met. Let him, and ſwear,
By all the gods, his daughter is my Miſtris;

Pha. See here comes my Lord *Valerian*, let's withdraw. *Exeunt.*

Met. Anguſta whiſpering, ſhe's a very Sharke.

Enter Valerian *and* Anguſta.

Ang. Nay my Lord, could you think I could be ſo
Uncivil, but that I would as well tax you,
As him, that no exceptions might be taken.
You little know his drift. He under-hand
Offers me thouſands to endear his Love,
Unto my Lady, which I'le never do.

Val. VVell ſaid, the ſum I promis'd, ſhall be mine.

Ang. Thus then my Lord, as I unveyl a heart
Unfaign'd unto your Lordſhip: I diſplay
This Curtain, where a Voyce ſhall firſt invite,
Your Ear to liſten, next to pleaſe your ſight. *Exit.*

Cecilie *ſings within*, Mount, mount, &c. *and after ſhe has ſung it, ſhe enters*, Anguſta *following.*

Cec. My Lord, y'are welcome.

Val. So breaths a ſweet perfume,
When milder *Zephyres* ventilate the Creſſes
Of ſweet *Arabian* Spiceries. VVelcome?
This only word, has here infus'd more heat
Than can bright *Phœbus* to the chilling earth.

Cec. Miſtake me not (my Lord) VVelcom's a word
Of civil Courteſie. I a *Roman* bred,
And nobly born, ſhould rudely ſeem to treat

One

One of your Rank, should I omit this one,
So course a Complement.

Val. Yet, 'tis to me,
If reall, (as I am sure it is) a word,
That bodes a happiness.

Cec. 'Tis true, my Lord,
A happiness transcendent, to enrich
A soul, with more, than all the beauties, honours,
Pleasures, or wealth, can now, or could conferre.

Val. Madam, with your favour, this far fetch'd strain,
Mounts 'bove the pitch of Love, which is the Aym,
And scope of my Ambition.

Cec. Ah, Sir, how then
Shall we mix soul with soul, as well as loves?
If mine above the daring Eagle soare,
And cleave Heavens glorious Arch, shall your dull soul
Lie wrap'd in Earth below? give me a soul
Can tower at least above the waking Lark,
And contemplate 'bove the eternal joyes;
Else what is it for me, and my *Valerian*,
To lye encircl'd in each others Arms?
If ever I shall come to give my hand,
And plight my troth; shall not a mutual hand,
That may cooperate with mine, be joyn'd?

Val. Most willingly.

Cec. And shall not then your heart
Conspire with mine, with an unanimous
Consent?

Val. Most freely.

Cec. If then but to one Essence,
And Power immortal I lift heart and hands,
Will you not joyn with me and do the like?

Val. I will.

Cec. You'l be a Christian, then?

Val. O! stay.
You urge too far, what by Philosophy
I have learn'd, you may perswade me to; but more,
Why should you crave? we both will worship one,
Acknowledge one, but sacrifice to one.

Cec. Indeed I was too forward, and hereby
May chance to be, like other Virgins, forc'd
To be your Love; by menacing of Death.

Or

Or by my father (should you make this known)
May be constrain'd to entertain your love,
Which wrested, cannot be, what you desire.

Val. No Lady, fear not me; e'le I betray
A beauty so endow'd with vertues,
Heaven strike me with a Thunder-bolt, or,
May love become abortive, and what here,
I have t'express the notions of my soul,
May it be rent from my more treacherous Jaws.
See in a happy hour my Lord and Lady,
Your Parents come.

Enter Marcus *and* Flavia.

Fla. So, hand in hand; so may your hearts be linkt
And after more, but why dost frown my girl?
Love has a nosegay all compos'd of sweets:
Amor, et melle et felle est jucundissimus
Come honey, come gall, Love must abound in joy.
So thou (my Girle.)

Cec. Madam, you are the tree,
I, but the tender bud, yet while you flourish
I cannot droop or wither.

Flav. Bud me no buds.
Thou art a tree thy self, apt to bring fruit,
But with my Lord *Valerian*'s help here, daughter,
You know my meaning.

Mar. I, she must be espous'd.

Cec. How my Lord.

Mar. Promis'd, betroth'd, and what not,
That may unite a pair, and make but one?

Fla. I, daughter, it must be so, how say you my Lord?

Val. With her consent you tender that to me,
Which nor the Gods can better.

Cec. How my Lord?
The Gods?

Val. 'Tis but a word of course sweet Lady:
One day, nor makes, nor can destroy a habit.

Cec. My Lord th'affair in hand do's so import
That of it self, besides my humble prayer,
It craves a time to pause, and weigh each ——

Fla. Each

Fla. Each pudding? tell us of panſing and weighing now?
Tell us of time? he wears his Locks before.
How many beauteous Ladies have I known,
Who in their prime of youth, could not (forſooth)
Nor love this Noble Knight, nor that brave Lord;
Would have they knov not what: lik'd not their ſtarb,
Or were not ſo gentile: or elſe their ſhape
And perſonage was not ſo compleat and abſolute.
In their eye as they deſir'd: Thus trifling
With time, they loſt their better fortunes,
Till Age grew on, and beauty was thereby
Diſparag'd: Then a husband, nor ſo rich,
Nor ſo proper; any then was welcome!
Yet to conſider, you would have more time
Daughter? *O tempora! O mores!* Time?
Why he has winge.
Cec. And ſo has Love.
Fla. But time
Outſtrips him: therefore now my Girle, reſolve.
Mar. She's baſhful, here, here, my Lord, ſhe's yours.
Fla. I, ſilence is conſent, take her my Lord.
Hymen, Hymen, O Hymenae, Hymen.
Mar. So, we'le leave you for a while; ſhe alone
My Lord with you, in a familiar way.
Fla. Will be: (doubt it not) ſhe'le be tractable.
Daughter, *Venus* be with thee, and *Adonis*
Be thy Companion. Come my Lord let's away:
To prepare for the Nuptials.
Mar. Now's our joy.
Fla. It will, when *Cis* ſhall bring a chopping boy. *Exeunt Mar.*
Cec. Ah, ha, oh! *& Fla.*
Val. O do not blaſt ſweet Lady,
Blaſt not the tender bud of blooming Love
With ſuch ſad ſighs.
Cec. *Daphne* your fables tell,
Purſu'd by your *Apollo*.
Val. Not mine Madam.
Cec. Was metamorphos'd, and a Lawrel grew
So ſhe eſcap'd. —— I muſt retire awhile. *Exeunt*

Enter Metricio *and* Phantalio, *and* Angusta.

Val. But do not weep.

Met. No Madam, for my Lord
Your father has commanded me to make
An *Epithalamium*, to celebrate
This Festival, and solemn day design'd
For *Hymen's* Revels.

Met. And I must be
The *Paranymph*.

Ang. And I the *Pronuba*,
For you Madam the *Nymph* and *Virgin* too
Ere it be long.

Cec. For me a watry Nymph,
Whose eyes are steep'd in tears, and throbbing heart
Involv'd with grief --- Ah! Heaven new set my Song,
Change but one note, a *Brief* into a *Long*. *Swoones.*

Ang. My Lady swounes away! Help, help my Lord.
Madam! what die before the Wedding Day?

Cec. Day? Day? I saw indeed a glimpse of Day,
And thither I was haſt'ning: Why didſt call
Me back, t'inveſt with diſmal Night, the Day
Was dawning, as I clos'd my heavy eyes,
To be made happy by eternal light.

Ang. 'Tis but a paſſion of the heart my Lord,
And now the worſt is paſt.

Val. I am glad to hear it.

Ang. O! were *Tiburtius* mine, would I do thus?
Would I ſo near the Wedding Day retract,
What I had done? My Lord you heard her ſay
Retirement now was her deſire.

Val. You'l have
A ſpecial care?

Ang. Of her, and you my Lord,
For now, your lives are one, as are your Loves.

Val. And let me hear

Ang. Each hour and moment too.

Val. Ah ſtill go linkt together, wo and woo'd --- *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter

Enter Officers and Palinodio *in the midst, with his hands ty'd, and led by a rope.*

Off. 1. Come along there.

Pal. I, here's the short and long
Of the business; either to betray my Lady and Bishop *Urban*
By a long mischief, or endure a short, but a sharp whipping.

Off. 2. Sirrah I'le prick you forward.

Pal. Nay forget not
(I prethee) thy Office, good Carman: whip not the Cart, but
The Jade that draws me there: Or let the Cart go before
The horse; so now whip and spare not. *Skips before his Leader.*

Off. 2. Back Sirrah, and keep your way.

Pal. If this be the way to happiness, let them walk in it
That will, not I.

Off. 1. Not you Sirrah? why what are you?

Pal. A Gentleman Usher I am,
But now am usher'd by a Rogue, and back'd by a Rascal.

Off. 2. Sirrah your hide shall pay for this, printed with Rubrick
Letters, like your red rag there, that is so lawcy.

Pal. Ah! Good people was ever Gentleman-Usher thus abus'd?
If gaming or wenching had forc'd one of my Calling to
Lay his Plush Suit to pawn, and wait on his Lady in
A thread-bare Cloak and Clothes? I never did so, though
Another of our Profession stole his Ladies Jewels, and
Pawn'd them to the Broker; I never did so: yet you see
Innocence may suffer.

Off. 1. Thou an Innocent, a Fool and a Knave thou art.

Pal. Prethee untie me then, and let us shake hands.

Off. 1. Sirrah the Post is near, then be close.

Pal. Nay then he may bring never for my release,
At least some of my Ladies house may look
Out there. O here comes Madam *Augusta.*

Enter Augusta.

Aug. Why how now *Palinodio*, drag'd home like a runnaway Apprentice, I thought you had lov'd my Lady better than so.

Pal. Why she jeers me?

Aug. Nay let me untie thy hands, that it may be said thou com'st home willingly.

Pal. As willingly as ever came Wench to her Comrade, when she wanted money.

Off. 1. Why how now bold *Beatrice*? can you justifie this Act?

Enter Tiburtius.

Ang. At least, here comes one that will. My Lord you love my Lady well, and therefore would not see her Dog wrong'd; much less her Servant here, and Gentleman Usher.

Tib. You Varlets, let him go.

Off. 2. Why Sir he's a Christian.

Pal. But a Roman withal Sam. 'Twould ne're have griev'd me to have been whipt as a Christian; but as a Roman could ne're have been able to have wash'd away the disgrace.

Tib. Sirrah put on his Doublet, button it you Sirrah, and that speedily.

Pal. Why so now I have my Gentleman and Taylor, to wait on me, thus for a good Cause, honour attends upon disgrace.
And I who whilome was contemn'd as no man,
Am treated now, and honour'd like a Roman.

Off. 2. You'l answer this? my Lord *Almachius* shall know it.

Tib. Hence Raskalls, or ——

Pal. Hence you base Canniballs.

Off. 2. Sirrah we shall meet with you again.

Pal. No, if I can help it.

Off. 1. Yes Sirrah this shall reach you, go to.

Pal. First may a halter stretch you, go two;
One halter will serve to hang you both. *Exeunt Officers and* Palin. *at several Doors.*

Tib. Lady, how goes the squares here?

Ang. So, with Lady
He begins again, as he clos'd the period:
Squares my Lord? Fortune's wheel turns round.
Your Brother, and my Lady were espous'd.
Ah my Lord that you had been so near the Mark!
Married in a manner they were.

Tib. And are they not.

Ang. Nay this night was design'd for bedding.

Tib. And is't not full?

Ang. Why say my Lord it is.
If you'l give what you promis'd ——

Tib. And add more.

Ang. I'le passe my word (and faithful) as I am)

You

You shall anticipate by free access
Unto her Chamber. And to augment your hopes,
What I avouch is truth. No sooner were
Th' Espousals finish'd, but she drencht in tears,
Fell in a swoun to th' earth: and what she then
Was muttering, I best know, who rais'd her up.---
That what her parents by constraint had done,
Was no act of hers: And other words besides.
Which ---

Tib. When thou art, as thou deserv'st to be Enrich'd by this, and more which I will give, Thou wilt discover. *Gives her a Purse (of money.*

Ang. And to make all sure,
'Twixt eight and nine, come to the Postern Gate,
I'le let you in, and bring you to her Chamber door.
But I must not be seen: yet if you see
Some counter-mand which comes from her, as yet
To me unknown (but such a thing may be)
Then --- Noble Sir, lay not the fault on me:
But that which sways in Marriage, Destiny.

Tib. But if my Brother come and find me there.

Ang. As though I could not that prevent.

Tib. But how?

Ang. One word can do't, have we not every day
A world of tatling Visitants that come
To see, or to be seen, or idlely chat?
To these I say my Lady's not well.
There's no reply 'gainst this. Nor will your brother
Make doubt of this, who lately left her in
Her fainting fits.

Tib. Thou will't not fail?

Ang. Not I.

Tib. Farewel, till then. *Exit.*

Ang. Fortune attend your Lordship.
He's gone --- Hum! --- now am I at my wits end,
Like one who his promis'd two Creditors
To pay the same sum of money, when he has,
But that in all the world. What shall I do?
Or which way turn to disengage my self?
Tush! An excuse a woman (sudden) brings
(When tax'd) by touching of her apron strings. *Exit.*

ACT IV.